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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Talks on Criticism

V.

AS TO PREJUDICE

THE dear public are usually right as to form in literature and wrong as to substance—which is the exact opposite of what is popularly supposed to be the fact. Really popular popular books are always found—sooner or later—to be well written, in the sense that skill has been used in delivering the message. Artless books succeed only with the sophisticated. The crudity of popular masterpieces is usually superficial; they may be ungrammatical, they may lack style, but structure and contrivance they are certain to have; Harold Bell Wright may deal with the shadows of platitudes, but he knows how to tell a story. The public does not like rough diamonds like Walt Whitman, and even if it knows nothing of lapidary work, it demands the results.

Substance is another story. The judgment of even a well-educated reader upon subject matter is never to be trusted unless he has acquired somehow a critical detachment and is able to strip his mind of illusions and prejudices. To judge whether one's contemporaries will like a book, even whether they should like it, is not too hard, but to estimate the absolute merit of that book in the history of literature is extraordinarily difficult, which is one reason why the constant demand for lists of "the great books of our time" is answered with such reluctance by sober-minded critics.

It is difficult because it requires a preparation for criticism—and so far all these talks have been a preparation for criticism merely—that asks much more than honesty and intelligence. The reader who judges absolute merit has got to lift himself out of the spell of prejudice and convention in which we all so cozily live. He has to look at his own taste, own customs, own philosophy from above and without, in order to see how far the books he likes express his own mental habits and seem warm and excellent to him for that reason chiefly. And he can never detach himself entirely, and must always be trying to do so, which is a better reason for the variability of criticism than bad digestion.

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Never was there more dispute over the relative merits of various kinds of books than since the War. Mr. Paul Elmer More and Mr. T. S. Eliot have no use for Sinclair Lewis and perhaps less for each other. Mr. Bodenheim, in last week's *Review*, condemns both radicals and conservatives. What Mr. Phelps praises, Mr. Edmund Wilson loathes; what Mr. Mencken asserts, Mr. Babbitt (of Harvard) denies. More serious, for a clash of opinions is at least a sign of vitality, the books approved by unprofessional readers are seldom the books most praised by critics, even not very "advanced" critics. A very few modern authors in America win acclaim from both—Willa Cather, Robert Frost, how many more?

Note that the primary cause of these divergences of opinion is to be found in subject matter. The general reader does not like what the "modern" writers write about; the more professional reader feels the same way about the ideas and the character conceptions of what he calls old-fashioned writers. Philosophies of life have changed, fast or slow, and opinions with them.

A test: Select extremes as the scientist selects abnormalities in order to get tangible material for experiment. It will not be denied that a dominant effort of Victorian literature was to discover the most worthy motives of man. George Eliot, Hardy, Meredith, Hawthorne, Kipling—for this idealism spreads beyond the Victorian period—were all intensely interested in man as a spiritual possibility; it was the noble in man that was, if not the aim, at least the point of departure of the nineteenth century search.

But since the democratic triumph, since the collapse of idealism after the War, since the stiffening of a scientific attitude that has no aim except the facts, there has been a widespread change in this philosophic attitude. The new impulse is as much responsible for Sherwood Anderson or André Gide as for behavioristic psychology. It seeks, not for nobilities, but for anything that makes the machine go. It is more interested in the complexities of animal purposes than in the success of idealisms. It takes man apart as an entomologist dissects an insect. It is not so much interested in man's possibility of becoming as in his being now.

Which is the better point of view is not relevant to this discussion. The point to be made here is that hundreds of thousands of good readers who still retain all or much of the Victorian idealism will

(*Continued on page* 517)

January Thaw

By WILBERT SNOW

NOON, and the tall black trees
That lean on the frozen river
Shed drops too mild to freeze
Though the sun seems gone forever.

Elm-tops melt in the mist,
The gray-white mist that throws
A mantle of amethyst
As far as the sky-line goes.

A melting that helps to trace
On patches of smooth blue ice
Contours of motley grace
In the road-bed's fall and rise.

Contours I will not break,
But will drive far out around,
That Beauty may not forsake
This cold, hard ground.

This Week

"Southern Exposure."
Reviewed by *Julia Peterkin.*

"Paris Bound."
Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*

Four Books on Woman.
Reviewed by *Emily J. Putnam.*

Religion Without Revelation.
Reviewed by *Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

"George Washington, 1762-1777."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

Three Anthologies of Short Stories.
Reviewed by *John Macy.*

"The Father of Little Women."
Reviewed by *Vernon L. Parrington.*

A Note on Conrad.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Claire Ambler."
Reviewed by *Bernard de Voto.*

The Charwoman Speaks

By LOUISE ANDERSON MACDONALD

UNFORTUNATELY I am neither a writer nor a critic—nothing but that mythical creature known long ago as "gentle reader," or more recently as a "lay-lover of books," or more practically as the "ultimate consumer" of a vast deal of literature. As this ultimate consumer I am not altogether satisfied with the conditions under which I am forced to select my literary supplies.

In this hard-water country where I am also the ultimate consumer for a vast deal of soap-powder, I am insisting upon two tests for the product: the analytical test which a chemist alone can make, and the performance test which we who use it make. What the chemist says about the powder is far less important to me than is my own opinion of it after a day's trial. If it hurts my hands, is sluggish in cleaning, and loiters over the enamel while I rinse and re-rinse the sink, then I will have none of it. My chemist's assurance that it is a hundred per cent pure carries no weight with me against its wretched performance. Neither do I care one whit how many temporarily famous persons perjure themselves to assure me that it is the only such product they permit in their households. As a buyer of scouring soap, I am far more interested in my charwoman's testimonial than in the costly recommendation of some bathing-beauty. Not so the producers.

Should books, like soap, be sold wholly on the recommendation of the literary chemists and bathing-beauties—the critics—or should they stand up under a rigorous performance test at the hands of the ultimate consumers—the charwomen of literature?

* * *

The cry of the reviewers goes up at once: "What does the consumer know about books?" What does the charwoman know about soap? Writers and critics are almost the only producers who despise the public that buys their wares. "A consumer," the reviewers cry aloud, "is incapable of intelligent criticism." Where are the data to prove it? Some of us who could not chemically analyze our own soap-powders know when they are worthless and harmful. Some of us carry that same insight into our libraries. We may not have at our command the fantastic symbols by which chemists explain things to each other, nor yet the trick jargon by which the reviewer avoids explaining anything to his public. We may not be quite at home with "bizarrely hued descriptions of an exotic psychosis," nor yet with "exotic smells that have a realistic tang." But we do know when we have wasted our time over "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" and why. And we feel sometimes a bit of indignation toward the reviewers who have intrigued us into that wastage, just as we feel indignant with the chemist who has recommended a product that will not work. In either case, if the consumers and not the chemists had been consulted, the wastage would not have occurred.

"But," I hear some critic objecting, "let the consumers make the performance test, turn reviewing over to them for a twelvemonth, give them a chance to express themselves, and all we should get would be a clamoring for saints and happy endings." That is exactly what critics would not get, for it is exactly what we do not want. Most of us agree with Thackeray that until the Lord creates a perfect woman it is inadvisable for any novelist to do so. We therefore furnish no market for sentimental sainthood—for Elsie who could weep and faint with perfect technique. Give us one whiff of the product, and if we detect therein any such slimy ingredient, we will order a different brand.

In the matter of endings we are not so stupid as

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critics think us. We hold no brief whatsoever for a fluffy dénouement. To many of us "Hamlet" is still our favorite play, and it can scarcely be said to end with jocularity. But its tragedy is understandable and explicable. We watch the last curtain drop, knowing full well that no man who is unable to see what ought to be done and then do it can ever save his Denmark. We leave this tragedy of blood satisfied and comfortable because we have seen another illustration of the moral order and dependability of the universe. There are dozens of modern novels and plays which leave us with the same healthy balance. As charwomen we would like to write our testimonials for them for the sake of other charwomen. But I would not dare mention these products here. Probably nothing could more humiliate their producers and reviewers than the words "moral order" applied to their work. It is hard, however, not to express some slight respect for a play like Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon." Given the characters, given the incident at the first of the story, what could have resulted but awful tragedy? That to us is "moral order."

There is one type of unhappiness, however, which we do regret. On my desk the other day I found these lines copied once from some unacknowledged source:

> That art is faulty in which suffering finds no vent in action; in which a continuous state of mental distress is prolonged, unrelieved by incident, hope, or resistance; in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done.

That is the sort of unhappiness we charwomen of literature object to. We are never urging that the moral order of the universe be ignored, that the relationship of cause and effect be cut for the sake of a happy ending. When we find that done, we feel a bitter resentment toward the dishonest author who would so insult us. We feel much of this resentment toward Kathleen Norris. When two women are in love with one man, we have a situation in which, most of us feel, some one should use a little wisdom. Not so Mrs. Norris. She finds that a thunderstorm will do as well. Accordingly she has the younger woman suddenly develop a life-long malady of the heart which cannot withstand the terrors of crashing wind and rain. Thus decorously Stephen and Lucretia are left happy ever after. This is the sort of dénouement which insults us.

* * *

We ask of a book one thing: that it end as in life it would end without the intervention of a miracle. We know full well that in life Chance, which so often sets our problems for us, does not come in and solve them. From life we have learned that the power to think and act logically is a substitute for beneficent chance; and we want it to be so in literature. If a happy ending is logical, we accept it. If it is illogical, we will have none of it. If the end must be tragedy, all well and good; for tragedy has much to give us. Probably our greatest ethical need at present is a trained ability to foresee before we act what will be the result of the action. And conversely, if we are going to be comfortable in our universe, we need a trained ability to look back over a dark experience and see its cause. Tragedy may help us here; literary miracles never can, and we bitterly resent them.

There are many dark spots in our understanding of ourselves, and we who are charwomen of literature are always looking for something that will scour them away. On this pragmatic basis we first appraise a new product from the press. We care not though the literary chemists may say that it is a hundred per cent pure art, if its odor makes us dizzy and if it will not scour, wherein is the good of using it? Performance Test number one.

"If consumers should write testimonials for literature," again I hear the critics shouting, "all problems of conduct, all sex material would have to come out." Not all! With Francis Bacon we agree that all knowledge and all experience is the province of the writer. We have no objection whatsoever to a frank discussion of sex if there is something new and illuminating to be said about it, if we are to learn thereby how better to deal with ourselves. We do, however, resent having any incidental function—be it sex or any other—treated as if it were the whole life of man. We who resent this most strongly are not ignorant of the pronouncement of certain sensational psychologists; we are simply not convinced that the final revelation of truth has been granted to them. We resent, also, having the same abnormal manifestations without new interpretations given to us over and over again with increasing unrestraint. We particularly object to having this unrestraint hailed as great art just because it is unrestraint, just because it is a little nastier than any of its predecessors, just because it is offensive to thousands of readers who prefer—out of date though it is—to keep their minds on things that are beautiful and true and of good report unless by courageous perusal of the sordid they can accomplish something constructive. If the chemists of literature would for a twelvemonth give way and let the consumers write the press-notices, I wonder what would happen to the year's crop of novels. It is a safe wager that the fetish of frankness would find itself without a worshipper.

Here other arts have the advantage over letters. When a man buys a picture, he sees what he is getting; when he buys a book, he waits to find out. For this reason an art critic exerts far less influence upon the buyer of pictures than does the literary critic upon the buyer of books. "The Home of the Heron," in spite of faults in technique and the dryness of its coloring, is rather dear to American households. No galaxy of art critics, however fluent they might be, could ever persuade those same American householders to purchase an oil painting of a cockroach even though its technique were better and its colors less dry. For who wants to look at a cockroach when he might just as well look at a heron? Yet that is exactly what critics of literature are constantly urging us to do, and at the very time when beauty has become a talking point in the salesmanship of automobiles!

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The ugly, the banal, the sordid, are justified if they bring some salutary readjustment of thought. But to the consumer irreproachable technique and coloring can scarcely justify filth for filth's sake. And that is the purpose of most of the unlovely frankness we find in literature. Filth is always disastrous and disease-bearing. Of course at that I hear the intelligentsia laughing. But when their shouting and their tumult die, I hear the calm pronouncement of scientists and men who are popularizing science, men like Mr. Albert Edward Wiggam who in "The Next Age of Man" speaks of self-control with something like respect. Unfortunately for the consumer, the shouting of the intelligentsia is more arresting than is the pronouncement of the scientists. In sex matters, as in others, the people perish for lack of knowledge but not for lack of filth. The question, therefore, is: Has the author introduced unpleasant but useful knowledge, or unpleasant and useless filth? It is the spurious matter in the soap-powder that scratches and stains the enamel and unwillingly leaves the sink. Performance Test number two.

Again critics exclaim: "Let the consumers say one word about books and there would be no genuine criticism of existing institutions nor of religion or the church." Some of us who read are not morons. If we were we would not be so much enraged at the rubbish we unwittingly buy at a critic's behest. But critics and writers are rarely cognizant of that fact. Professor G. T. W. Patrick is almost the only writer honest and courageous enough to dare suggest that we who read might think and not be wholly wrong if, as a result of our thinking, we disagreed with him. Like the great scholar and gentleman that he is, he does not hesitate to ascribe to his readers the same fine qualities that are his own. In his preface to "The World and Its Meaning," he says:

> I have, therefore, not hesitated to indicate my own views, or at least to point out the direction from which the light seems to me to come. In this critical and individualistic age such a method is not likely to lead the reader astray. He will think for himself anyway.

Since we will think for ourselves anyway, in spite of current comment, we are not afraid of contact with a new idea. If we were, how could any one account for the long popularity of "This Believing World"? Most certainly we are not asking that the literary output be sedative. If we were, how would Dr. Everett Dean Martin have ever gained a hearing for "The Meaning of a Liberal Education"? In spite of our bad reputation we are not satisfied with duping sentimentalism. Many of us who still give sincere allegiance to the church have been more offended by certain avowedly religious books than by frankly materialistic ones. Many of us have been more hurt by the unintended insolence of "The Man Nobody Knows" than by the merciless truths of "Elmer Gantry."

Whatever critics may say, we who consume are asking for more—not less—of the critical attitude toward life. But we would like to have the criticism founded upon scientific investigation, not upon mere prejudice. When a philosopher suggests that the supporters of prohibition are desirous only of legislating their morals into other men, he misses the mark quite as widely as does the street-corner evangelist who insists that the opponents of prohibition are interested only in riotous living. There is nothing alarming to us in a frank discussion of how the race can best protect itself against the sight and sound of drunkenness; but there is something futile and unconvincing in this impugnation of other men's motives. Against argument on lines like this we cry aloud; to real investigation we make no protest.

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Since we are not morons, we are glad to read criticisms of any and every institution, including the church, and of any and every philosophy, including the Christian, if the writer has intelligently, honestly, and courageously examined all data bearing on the problem and not just that sort of data which it has pleased him to examine. We have been a bit amused of late at the tendency of critics to brand as "juvenile" any theory with which they did not agree. In a most delightful book which came to me recently the Fundamentalists were so designated, and a few pages farther on the same epithet was apologetically applied to Thomas Henry Huxley. After that, who could object to being so denominated? Many of us who consume have been as well trained as have writers in holding our opinions with a half-amused light-heartedness, as Everett Dean Martin would bid us do. We know full well that our theories of this week may be outworn in a fortnight. We therefore are not asking approval or confirmation, but only intellectual fair play. For this reason we object to being told, whenever our interpretation of the universe differs from the writer's, that we have done no thinking, that our philosophy is not the result of study but merely the naive, unquestioning acceptance of traditional, blind belief. We have great respect for our friends who analyze exactly the same data that we study and as a result come to conclusions wholly unlike our own. We do not accuse them of either childishness, intellectual inability, or sensationalism. However much they may ridicule us, we do not ridicule them. We respect them for their courageous struggle with data. Why should not they be as tolerant of us? After all, if a man went searching for intolerance, would he find more of it among those of us to whom religion is still a magnet than among those who call themselves agnostics? Thousands of years ago a young man named Micah, impatient with the social injustices of the times, cried aloud to the people, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" We of religious tendencies have not always walked humbly with our God. But have agnostics always walked humbly with the truth?

There is just a possibility that wisdom will not die with any of us. Ridicule of another thinker's position is always in bad taste, and often, like anger, the insecure refuge of a mind that cannot or will not explain itself. Ridicule that in literature passes for philosophy is frequently a deadly irritant. Whatever chemists may say about the excellency of its composition, wherein is the wisdom of using a soap-powder that does not scour but only cuts the flesh? Performance Test number three.

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Of course I would not think of using a soap against which my chemist had warned me; neither would I use one which my charwoman said was worthless. Rarely enough is the maker of a soap an impartial judge of its merits, or of the merits of rival products. Even the most scrupulous of chemists may not know how the stuff really works. In the end it is the consumer's testimony that is most worthwhile. But we rarely get it.

Is the consumer's testimony about books of no value? It may be worthless, but if it once got well bruited about, it would change the slant of the market. There are delightful works on philosophy that would be dear to the public had they not been killed because they had dropped for reviewing into the hands of awkward, indifferent, or unintelligent reviewers. "Anger: Its Religious and Moral Significance," by Dr. G. M. Stratton is rarely found

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outside of college libraries; yet all of us who have happened upon it have read it with avidity and passed it on to our friends. Thousands of readers probably are looking for exactly this sort of thing, but they have no way of knowing that what they want is on the market. "The Book Nobody Knows" has had a phenomenal sale and has left with its readers phenomenal dissatisfaction. Why didn't some critic feel interested enough in the needs of his public to find a better book, to tell us that what we really longed for was Dr. Maehlman's "The Unknown Bible"? A few of us who consume discovered the book quite by accident in an hour of literary vagrancy. If we could have spoken, we might have popularized it from coast to coast.

There are great novels that would be dear to the consumer had he not been alienated from them by hurried and unjust reviews. The public would love "Rough Justice;" yet American reviewers either ignored it or dismissed it with slight comment. One of the most influential among them could spare for it but the phrase: "Over-rated and over-British." Small wonder that so few of us have ever come upon it! Yet it is a book that we ought all to have come upon. For its lack of popularity we have no one to blame but the reviewers. Had the consumers spoken, it might very well have been a best-seller.

We who consume have grown wary of critics and their dicta. Too often they have forced upon us products that we cannot use, and have concealed the wares that we need most. Must we always depend wholly upon the recommendations of the literary chemist who is interested only in the composition of his product and cares not a whit for its performance? Would we not be better served and better trained if magazines would sometimes give over a page to the testimonials of consumers, if editors would sometimes ask the charwomen of literature what they have been using and how well they have been satisfied?

North Carolina

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE. By PETER MITCHEL WILSON. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JULIA PETERKIN
Author of "Black April"

THIS pleasant and intimate account of southern ways and southern people by a modest and kindly southern gentleman to whom North Carolina stands for the whole South will bring poignant recollections to the older generation and will give to the younger a clear conception of some of the trials the South has undergone.

Peter Mitchel Wilson is a native North Carolinian and his most vivid portraits are of people from that state, for although he has lived elsewhere for thirty years, obviously, his heart has never left home. He holds that the whole South is still intensely personal and to know any southern state requires a personal acquaintance with its citizens. He certainly knows his North Carolina. But in North Carolina, everybody knows everybody else and everything about everybody else, from the maiden names of all the married women and the suitors who were rejected by them, to the scores of millionaires and how they made their money, the seventeen best farmers and what their crops are, the promoters of the state's most progressive measures and what each one sponsors. This however is not due to idle curiosity but is rather the result of a friendly neighborliness and interest.

"Southern Exposure" opens with a charming description of ante-bellum life in North Carolina which is followed by a portrait of Mr. Wilson's grandmother, a strong, capable, lovable woman who is as different from the traditional vapid southern female commonly presented by the romanticists as typical, as she is from the professional southern women who haunt and pester the inhabitants of Northern cities today. Next comes a most interesting account of school days spent in crude "old-field" schools, at the small college at Chapel Hill which at that time was called "The University" because its faculty and trustees thought it a more dignified name, then in Edinburgh and Paris.

Mr. Wilson modestly declares that throughout the years he has been merely an onlooker at life who has taken no active part in its games, but his book proves him one of those who have demonstrated best the South's outstanding contribution to American civilization: that to live well and gracefully is an art which can be achieved in spite of every material handicap. After his years in Europe, Mr. Wilson came south again, but to Virginia where he became interested in law and politics and the newspaper work which occupied so many of his days. Certainly, he has watched his associates with keen, clear eyes, analyzing their motives, excusing their blunders, and liking them in the kindliest way.

Within my own memory North Carolina has passed through several different stages, and it is most interesting to trace them through the pages of "Southern Exposure." The first was that hopeful, forward-looking time when in spite of physical hardships and the crushing burden of poverty which oppressed the whole South after the dark days of reconstruction, the Governor of North Carolina was able to say to the Governor of South Carolina with a characteristic cheerfulness "It is a long time between drinks," and all within ear-shot were said to smile sympathetically.

But soon afterward, a period of dejection seized North Carolina. Its ruling middle class resented the class distinctions still held rigidly in South Carolina and Virginia, keeping the children of former slave-traders and overseers quite consciously apart from the poverty-ground descendants of slave owners. A peevish complaint was made that North Carolina was a valley of humiliation between two mountains of conceit. But the sturdy people of that valley soon realized that complaining was a futile waste of time, and they turned their attention to the development of their rich natural resources. Before long they were boldly thanking God for South Carolina in the public prints, because that backward state kept their own from standing at the very tail end of progress.

An Illustration by Aubrey Beardsley for "Le Morte Darthur" by Sir Thomas Malory (Dutton).

North Carolina is lusty with material wealth today, and statistics show that a generous portion of that wealth is being spent for public welfare. Her citizens are no longer annoyed by any sense of inferiority. Indeed, they strut quite cockily now as they quote long columns of figures proving not only their tremendous financial success but listing also a number of other superlative claims.

Mr. Wilson is too good-mannered to boast, but he hints delicately at a number of things which all the other southern states admit humbly; that North Carolina is outstripping most of them in overcoming all national and racial bias; the state numbers its millionaires by the score and these have all earned their wealth; it has the largest cigarette factories and hosiery mills in the world; its soil holds the bones of the first white child ever born in America; Mount Mitchell is the highest mountain east of the Mississippi; Cape Hatteras wrecks more ships than any other point of land on the whole Atlantic coast; North Carolina soldiers broke the Hindenburg Line. But some of the other Southern states would probably refuse to yield that North Carolina Mountain Dew is one whit better than the Moonshine made in the fastnesses of their own swamps and forests, and if Mr. Wilson knows the real facts, he will not ask them to do so either.

The final word in the final volume of the Oxford English Dictionary has now been written, and the completed work is in the printer's hands. The great dictionary has occupied more than 1,300 people for more than seventy years.

The Play of the Week

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

PARIS BOUND, a Comedy in Three Acts. By PHILIP BARRY. Produced by ARTHUR HOPKINS at the Music Box, New York, December 27, 1927.

Reviewed from Performance and Manuscript

IN the course of the first act of "Paris Bound," Philip Barry thus delivers himself of the distilled wisdom of his cogitation on the subject of marriage and divorce: "If at first you don't succeed, don't try again!" Apparently, however, Mr. Barry would not bespeak universal currency for this aphorism of letting well enough—or bad enough—alone. If he had applied it to his own career as playwright, we would not have this casual yet stimulating, earnestly thought-provoking yet humanly amusing little comedy of contemporary manners. For "Paris Bound" is the reward of patience, of trying again, again, and yet again. It marks the transition from promise to fulfilment; from a playwright who has always had something to say but saw and said his theme through a fog of symbols, to one who still has something to say but says it simply, directly, economically, but with richly significant detail.

The evolution of Barry's skill as a playwright has not been a steady, gradual growth, but a sudden blooming. "You and I" was the Harvard Prize Play for 1922, a wistful comedy of the younger and elder generations which in its characterizations and its structure betrayed the amateur, though the unusually gifted amateur. "If he lives up to its promise," I wrote in "Our American Theatre" four years ago, "a near namesake need not be ashamed of him." In his succeeding plays he did—and he didn't. He kept his viewpoint fresh and original. But "In a Garden" lost its sense of reality in vague introspection and philosophic quibbling. "White Wings," for all of its droll and whimsical contrasts between new ideas and old, was somehow wanting in esthetic taste and in the clarity of its imagery. And just a few weeks ago "John" failed to find an appropriate *métier* for expressing a plausibly new conception of the relationship between the Baptist and Jesus.

* * *

At a stroke, Barry has divested himself of these confusions and handicaps. Calling a halt to exotic experiment, he has returned in "Paris Bound" to the field of realistic social comedy in which he started. His new play is what his first admirers hoped for but which they had begun to despair of receiving from him. But while it suggests "You and I," it is far more mature, skilful, convincing. Barry has been learning, growing in confidence, in the byways without betraying the fact en route.

As a result, "Paris Bound" is a triumph of the casual. The casual in writing, the casual in producing and setting and acting. Without recourse to strained, unnatural, or even unusual scenes and incidents, the author carries us deep below the obvious surface of a rather conventional marriage to the hidden emotional and psychological well-springs from which surge all the happiness and pain which the union of one man and one woman is capable of yielding. In the gently flurried interval between wedding ceremony and departure, we see Jim and Mary Hutton determining to make *their* marriage a success in the face and under the spur of the failure of Jim's parents. In a like casual and homely half hour before Jim's annual business trip abroad five years later, the seeds of suspicion and disaster are potently but reticently planted. But Barry's mastery of the casual is even more brilliantly evident in the final act with its avoidance of tragedy through a rare but convincing and efficacious combination of accident and common sense.

* * *

Happily, Barry's comedy came to the hands of a regisseur whose whole theory of play production is built on the casual, the spontaneous. Arthur Hopkins believes profoundly that the function of the regisseur is to bring artists together—the right artists—and to let art happen. I fear he has failed to achieve art on occasion by his refusal to intervene. But the results in "Paris Bound" will legitimately tend to encourage his faith in his theory. Madge Kennedy has never played so subtly, so sincerely, so understandingly. And half a dozen other players in the cast will look back on "Paris Bound" as one of those exceptional instances of artistic

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communion which are landmarks in an actor's life.

"Paris Bound" is significant as oral literature not only in bringing a promising playwright into his own and as a masterpiece in significant commonplace, but also for its social import. Barry's meaning never approaches the self-centered, bigoted limitations of propaganda. He sees before, behind, and on both sides of his subject. But he is patently favorable to tolerance in the marriage relationship, not necessarily arguing the advantages of laxity in the tie but constantly holding firm and clear the greater good that may be endangered by too minute and selfish an attention to the lesser evil. At a time when the momentary is too often confused with the momentous, his theme and thesis are both pertinent and salutary.

If "Paris Bound" has a flaw, it is that its theme and thesis are indigenous only to America and perhaps to Britain. Continental Europe would wonder why so much pother over a foregone conclusion! But we have O'Neill for our export trade. Perhaps Barry is content with supplying the home market.

(*Mr. Sayler will review next week "Behold the Bridegroom," by George Kelly.*)

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

Still Running in New York

BURLESQUE. By *Arthur Hopkins* and *George Manker Watters*. Plymouth Theatre. The personal equation beneath pink tights and putty nose.

THE GOOD HOPE. By *Herman Heijermans*. Civic Repertory Theatre. A European repertory veteran ably revived on our only repertory stage.

PORGY. By *Dorothy* and *DuBose Heywood*. Republic Theatre. The rhythms of Negro life interpreted in pulsing drama.

ESCAPE. By *John Galsworthy*. Booth Theatre. Leslie Howard *et al.* in the dramatist's latest—and last—play.

THE IVORY DOOR. By *A. A. Milne*. Charles Hopkins Theatre. An ironic and whimsical fairy tale for grown-ups.

AND SO TO BED. By *J. B. Fagan*. Bijou Theatre. A satiric and pungent comedy based on a presumable day in the amorous life of Samuel Pepys, Esq.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By *Bernard Shaw*. Guild Theatre. A debated and debating play set squarely on its feet at last by sound acting and discerning direction.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. By *Sean O'Casey*. Hudson Theatre. The Irish Players lift the curtain on a Dublin tenement under the rebellion.

There Are Two Sexes

A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. New York: The Viking Press. 1927. $3.

THE WOMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By EDMOND and JULES DE GONCOURT. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1927. $5.

THE HERITAGE OF WOMEN. By ALICE AMES WINTER. The same. 1927. $3.

THE WORLD'S LURE. By ALEXANDER VON GLEICHEN-RUSSWURM. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

Author of "The Lady"

IT has been said that if a native of Mars were to derive his knowledge of life on this planet solely from the works of Emerson he would never guess that it was inhabited by two sexes. What picture of the situation would he receive if his library were enriched by the four books under consideration?

One easy way of tidying up the chaos of the world is to pick out a type easily recognized by the eye—the negro, for instance, or the Jew, or the woman—and to fix attention on the differentia. All three are preponderantly human beings; at certain times or in certain places they are the norm. There are a good many of all of them in New York today and for the most part they pursue their way unconscious of being widely different from the mob about them, but they never can tell when the spotlight will strike. This season's theatre and book lists show unusual activity in exploiting all three. Of the three, women have perhaps for a generation been the most hardened to segregation from the rest of the race for purposes of analysis; books about them fall into categories, and the present four illustrate four ways of expressing the undying sense of their difference. Three of them are by men. All are written with kindly intent.

Mr. Langdon-Davies begins where Horace advised writers on the Trojan War not to begin,—at the egg, narrating the origin of sex and its enormous survival value to organisms adopting it. The division of labor which it at once connotes may in the long run have worked out to the disadvantage of one of the parties, but so persuasively does the author paint its net advantages for the race at large that at this stage of his reading the Martian would hardly conceive that any one could quarrel with it. He would be delighted with the author's lucid account of the sexless life of early unicellular organisms (corroborating Emerson), of the tendency of these self-reproducers to grow old and tired and the rejuvenation they found in the merging of two sexless cells, of the arrangement by which one Bodo takes to anchoring itself on a solid object while another Bodo exactly like it swims about until it finds it, of the specialization of sex-cells in multicellular animals and plants, and of the incalculable gain for variation to the individual of deriving from two separate parents. Convinced of the value of this arrangement I seem to see the Martian turning the page eagerly to see what will happen when a third sex is introduced. What a disappointment to find that the good work does not go on! And what a disillusionment as he reads further to see that this ingenious scheme finally flowers in man, "the only animal who does not get on as a matter of course with his mate, and, largely in consequence of this, who does not know instinctively the best way to behave towards his own offspring."

Without taking Lord Monboddo's part against Dr. Johnson, Mr. Langdon-Davies in a good chapter on Women in Primitive Society points out that "a first fountain of savage woman's happiness is that she is able to work; . . . a second is that she is always able to fulfil her biological functions, she is always a wife and a mother." When the translator of the Gospels into an East African dialect cast about for a name for the Virgin Mary he was hampered because to his native interpreters "virgin" was an opprobrious epithet. The mingled respect and fear felt by the savage for the dangerousness and the helpfulness of women in fertility magic are well and briefly explained as far as our present knowledge suffices to explain them, and their continued influence on our present stock of ideas is demonstrated.

* * *

In regard to the succeeding chapters dealing with so-called civilizations one would like to give the Martian a word of caution here and there. The recorded history of women must almost necessarily deal with outstanding individuals and these will naturally be found generally among the favored classes of society. Of the submerged majority of women of ancient times we know but little; anthropologists are agreed to draw certain inferences about them from the prevalence of the worship of the Great Mother and the codes of law favorable to women which often accompany it, but inferences they remain, subject to checking by fresh evidence. In discussing the attitude of the Greeks to women it is astonishing to find that Plato is quoted as on the whole a hostile force, no mention being made of the feminist programme of the Republic which remains the most courageous and the most scientific statement of the "question;" and this omission looks more odd when the late echo of Plato in the Roman Stoics is written down to the sole credit of Rome with no hint of its origin. The unfavorable action of early Christianity on the lot of women needs the emphasis given it in its own chapter, but the effect is damaged by such over-statement as "in the first thousand years of Christianity women drifted hopelessly in a storm of horror and despair." In dealing destructively with the eighteenth century Mr. Davies keeps his eye fixed on England and especially on Hannah More, and this would mislead a Martian for Hannah More was not the keynote of the eighteenth century, even in England,—and then there was France.

There is no need at this time of day to review the masterpiece of the de Goncourt brothers. The present translation is pleasant reading and the physical form of the book is beautiful. It is sufficient to remark by way of antidote to Mr. Davies that in order to draw a picture of women in the eighteenth century in France the authors are obliged to ransack the annals, the arts, and the thoughts of the time, for in every field women were powerfully felt by force of brain and character as well as of charm.

From Mrs. Winter's book the Martian would learn that in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries an *esprit de corps* sprang up among women, a satisfaction in the society of other women, an ease in combining for common purposes, from the great emotional crusade of the suffrage movement to the daily comfort of the social club. As food for this spirit she furnishes a practically exhaustive series of pictures of outstanding women beginning with Eve. Mrs. Winter's own sincere love of women is visible all along the line.

Herr von Gleichen-Russwurm loves women too. He too gives a series of portraits, and guides us with enthusiasm from Lais of Corinth to Barbara Blomberg. His keynote is the "dæmony" of women,—the power they acquired when they took the disposal of their charms out of the hands of their male relatives and began to traffic on their own account.

> Sharply defined and modelled like the heads on medallions, the faces of certain daemon-women stand out in history. Vessels of destiny, dispensers of life and death, they wear the unchanging face of the world's lure as they hand down the pomegranate—symbol of seduction—from one generation to another, now with passionate gesture, now with deliberation, now with delicate charm, as the reel of life unwinds its thread.

Naturally both authors deal in many cases with the same personalities,—Cleopatra and Theodora and Julie de Lespinasse,—but in what different lights do they place their sitters! Mrs. Winter by no means blinks the "dæmony" of these ladies, though she thinks of Cleopatra as a patriotic stateswoman, of Theodora as the founder of a rescue mission for the streetwalkers of Constantinople, of Julie as "a girl with a purity that was like a flame." She is willing to grant their charm and their strong human desires, but these are interesting to her as the basis of their power to achieve things in the world. Her book indeed marks the swing of opinion away from the dreary period of feminism which was devoted to the economic and political advancement of women to the neglect of their emotional life. A generation ago the question was, are women to be lesser men with Olive Schreiner, or are they to be lovers and mothers with Ellen Key? A thoughtful book written before the war for the guidance of girls remarks: "There are two alternative occupations open to women—first, motherhood, and second, some form of constructive pursuit, usually industrial." From this dusty diagrammatism Mrs. Winter is free. She notes the real and conscious sacrifice made by great-hearted women from Blandina to Dorothea Dix to the good of the world as they saw it, and she does not underrate this sacrifice or suppose it in itself desirable. Her book is a study in how to be sensible though enthusiastic, and since it deals with plain women as well as fair ones it is free from the monotony that reigns in Herr Gleichen-Russwurm's strictly pornocratic circles.

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The Short Story

THE MAN WHO SAW THROUGH HEAVEN AND OTHER STORIES. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

SAMPLES. A Collection of Short Stories. By various writers. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

THE *WORLD'S* BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN MACY

THE short story has always flourished in America, from the time of Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe, who in their several ways wrote some nearly perfect things, to this month's multitudinous magazines. The magazines have had a great influence on the short story, certainly on its numerical abundance, for the practical reasons that the market is wide and receptive and the immediate check, in our times very generous, encourages many writers to try their hand at the brief tale and often pays better for a week's work than a novel which costs a year of labor. I dare say that the total amount paid by magazines for short stories exceeds in a year the royalties paid for novels, best sellers and all, including the income from serial publication and moving picture rights. The result is that many writers, known and unknown, develop a knack for making a readable story and amid much trash there is a good deal and a good variety of excellence. Poe noted nearly a century ago that "the whole tendency of the age is magazineward." And that tendency has increased since his death, though not, as he seems to imply, to the comparative diminution of the book, the bound volume.

* * *

The influence of the magazines on the quality of the short story is a question which cannot be settled by statistical proof or critical judgment. My answer to it is on the whole in favor of the magazines and their editors. I have served in several sanctums, and I have always found the readers, the first coarse-sieve sorters and the final managing arbiters, tirelessly alert to find something in each day's stack of manuscripts and enthusiastic when they lighted upon a story that had even moderate merit. If the magazines are not better the reason is simply that the editors cannot get anything better. Of course editors make mistakes, being as a rule normal and hard-working men and women endowed with little more than ordinary intelligence and holding their positions because they have learned by experience what they can sell to their readers. Sometimes they let a good thing slip through their fingers, but not often, and usually because there are some kinds of excellence not suited to their purposes. When I wait in a doctor's office I never can tell, and do not care at all, whether the number of the *Saturday Evening Post* with which I kill the tedious time is this week's or was published last year. If there are enough patients ahead of me I am more likely than not to come across at least one entertaining story. And do not forget that Mr. Lorimer published several of Mr. Hergesheimer's finest tales, because he liked them and not, I make bold to guess, because he thought them especially appealing to a million American families and the Pullman club car. I take little stock in the much repeated but infrequently verified story of the little masterpiece that was rejected by all the leading magazines; let me see the manuscript and I will agree to have my agent place it,—but don't send it to me, for really it isn't a masterpiece. It is like that famous novel that was turned down by a dozen great publishing houses and was finally accepted by an intelligent, an exceptionally intelligent publisher and lo, became a best seller. Uhm-m-m! As a publisher's reader I shall have to be shown. "What, never? Well, hardly ever."

The stories selected for "The *World's* Best" (the "World" is not the planet but the newspaper under whose auspices the stories are chosen by the editors of the "leading American magazines") are a good collection. They are all well written, with at least passable professional competence; certainly there is no inexcusable bad writing. They are diversified and individual in substance and treatment. Though any one writer, whose work is already familiar to us, may show his recognizable mould, I do not find mutual imitation and I think from these examples and from much other reading of current fiction there is little danger that our story-tellers will be spoiled by set magazine formulas, by the temptation to try the sort of thing that goes with Mr. Lorimer or Mr. Vance or Mr. Long. Such deliberate imitators are as little likely to succeed practically as they are sure to fail artistically. The editor wants more of the same if it is good, more of the same because he knows that it will go with his public. He also pines and prays, work-days, nights, and Sundays, for something unlike anything he ever had before. If I had been editing this collection I should have omitted the pieces from *Adventure* and *Popular* which are not, decidedly not, "leading" magazines, and should have put in their place one from *The Atlantic Monthly* and one from *The American Mercury*. But editors differ. Even magazine editors are not all cut out with the same tin cooky-knife and baked in the same oven. Some of them have vigorous personalities, and the more vigorous and distinctive the personality the better the magazine. Several of the stories in this volume are better than good. The ones I happen to like best are "The Trumpet Sounds," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, "Singing Eagles," by Marguerite Jacobs, "The Labyrinth," by Charles Caldwell Dobie, "The Rival," by Stephen French Whitman, "Children of Earth," by Henry James Forman. All the others might have appeared in any fairly popular and general magazine without discredit to author or editor.

The anthology of "Samples" is more distinguished, of finer workmanship, because the flowers are plucked from a field much broader than the current magazines and from the plantings of more than one year. There is a characteristic story by Sherwood Anderson, interesting as we should expect it to be, and, as he has taught us to fear it might be, somewhat groping and blurred. For some reason he does not get better as he grows older; indeed he has never recaptured the startling and original freshness of "Winesburg." (And, by the way, his "New Testament" is a grotesquely humorless piece of banality and pretentiousness, much like the alleged poetry that he ascribes to the hero of this story.) Anderson's power lies in his dogged integrity, his almost ferocious persistence in butting his head against the stone wall of life; sometimes he breaks through and when he picks himself up on the other side, he finds pathos, tragedy, humanity, and perchance a bit of beauty. One passage in Anderson's "The Man's Story" in the present volume is especially pertinent to our theme: "In those dead flat Kansas towns lives have a way of getting ugly and messy without anything very definite having happened to make them so. One can't imagine the reasons—Let it go. It just is so and one can't at all believe the writers of Western tales about life out there." Hear! Hear! Whenever by accident I encounter one of those he-out-where-the-west-begins things I can easily think of something else to read.

* * *

If we turn from the muddled perplexity of Anderson's story to the deft fluency of another tale of murder, "The Dance," by F. Scott Fitzgerald, we may ask, without making odious comparisons, whether the mystery of life is more profoundly probed by the frowningly serious than by the lighter and more graceful imagination. Dreiser's "A Doer of the Word," the product of one of his happier moods, is, as usual, solid human stuff, and, also as usual, in need here and there of the blue pencil. But no blue pencil can take the place of the broad indelible pencil which only Dreiser can wield. Since this collection consists of previously published work, the editors would have done better to choose Dreiser's "Free," a delicate and subtle masterpiece. Whoever thinks that "delicate and subtle" are not applicable to Dreiser has missed a fine side of him which his burly vigor has obscured.

A comparatively new writer is Barry Benefield, so new that he is not even in "Who's Who." He will be there and in many more exclusive books. His "Simply Sugar Pie" is beautiful and touching, treated in the new spirit which portrays the negro with deep sentiment but without sentimentality. Among the veterans (the ladies will not be offended by the imputation of artistic maturity which has nothing to do with years) are Willa Cather and Mary Roberts Rinehart, who both deal with the life of artists. Miss Cather's "Coming, Aphrodite!" is exquisitely just right. That is the way to write a short story if you can, if you have a story to tell. Mrs. Rinehart's "Cynara: The Sculptor" is slightly artificial but well done. Her magazine celebrity has not damaged, at least in this sample, the artist that was born in her. I should like Fannie Hurst better if she would learn that a choppy style and insistent dislocated repetitions do not produce an effect of reality or charm the reader into being persuaded. And neither is there any compelling tone of veracity in Ernest Hemingway's attempt to render life in the language of a boy; the writer must get behind the boy and keep his own vision without losing the boy. Mark Twain did it in "Huckleberry Finn" and even he came near missing in one or two places. The autobiographical tale is a ticklish thing to handle, especially if the putative first person is a person who would not be articulate at all, articulate on paper. Anita Loos disarms and convinces you at the start and all goes merrily. And in this volume Galsworthy's "Told By the Schoolmaster" is successfully managed, because a schoolmaster would observe and think and write in that manner. I abominate a thing like Mr. Hellman's "Rerouting Rufe" with its psuedo-clever slang metaphors in the worst O. Henry tradition. The best of O. Henry is good; his idiom was quite natural to him. But when others try it, the crackle, like the worst lines in a Broadway farce, becomes a bore, and the style is a violation of the speech of life which it pretends to represent.

The O. Henry prize but not the O. Henry manner seems to be stamped heavily upon the work of Wilbur Daniel Steele. He needs no such stamp of excellence, for his metal is self-evidently pure, and, moreover, prizes do not even warrant a presumption of merit. Mr. Steele's "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" deserves any prize, is indeed quite above such impertinent approval. Without hinting at resemblance and only by way of praise, I give it as my experience that no story since Conrad has produced such a sensation of mystery and strangeness, of the incredible in human nature made natural and credible. This kind of mystery is more fascinating than what is usually called a mystery-story. Mr. Steele is an original explorer of the depths of life, and he does go deep with a physically short sounding-line. He sounds in many waters. His stories have variety of place and character. They are all his, bearing his unmistakable mark, but he has no favorite situations, no pet phrases, no repeated devices. He creates a taste for more of him; his future is still to be written and it will be worth reading.

With a score of these tale-tellers all active and the young coming up faster than you can count them, the outlook for the short story is brilliant, for the good work is there, proof positive of what is being done here and now, and there is not the slightest evidence that this is one of the declining arts fading into twilight (I doubt if any art is declining, for all the overwhelming and perhaps unsurpassable achievements of the past). Certainly there never was such a demand for a story long or short as there is today, for any good story, good with any kind of goodness. The world has always loved to listen to a tale. Stevenson said that narrative is the typical mood of literature. Eagerness for a story is the typical mood of the reader of literature, and more and ever more people are reading. If you think that they read mostly trash (of course they do read much transient and flimsy stuff) then you have been in bad company and do not even understand the practical evidence of the market-place, that great court which is not entirely populated by fools and in which the artist finds some of his subjects and most of his audience.

Talks on Criticism

(*Continued from page* 513)

be bad judges of a literature based upon the new interests, for they will criticize it not as literature but as a repugnant philosophy. They will confuse prejudice with logic, and taste with discrimination. And as Fluter remarks in "The Plough and the Stars," vice-versa.

Hence it may be said that, while prophets must be a little blind to the past if they are to see the future, judges must hold a middle ground, look both ways, decide on double evidence, be committed in advance neither to the past, the present, nor the future. For one thing our knowledge of history allows us definitely to assert. Neither the new nor the old is all true or all false, and the man who dislikes the architecture of a house because of the opinions of the family which lives in it, is very likely to be mistaken.

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A Study of Humanism

RELIGION WITHOUT REVELATION. By JULIAN S. HUXLEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE author of this book is a scientist of standing in his own right but when he deals with religion the fact that he is the grandson of T. H. Huxley will always emerge as a major matter. His grandfather coined the word "agnostic," was a vehement, unsparing antagonist of anti-scientific religious leaders of his day, and was heartily hated by them in consequence. "Religion without Revelation" is also the work of an agnostic —of one, indeed, who definitely discards belief in a personal God of any sort whatever and pleads for "the liberation of the idea of God from the shackles of personality which have been riveted on it." But anyone who calls either the author or the book irreligious will be passing judgment on himself rather than on them.

Indeed, whether one agree with the author's position or not, one who wishes a deep insight into a most considerable movement in religious thinking today would do well to read Professor Huxley's book. In America we call the movement Humanism. Its major objective is to construct a religion without God. If the word God in an objective sense is allowed at all, as Professor Huxley occasionally uses it, it means Cosmic Power, lacking any personal significance and caring nothing for man and his spiritual values. The primary and cogent meaning of God to our author is always subjective. God is "a creature of the human soul." As American representatives of this movement have put it, God is like Santa Claus or Uncle Sam—the imaginative embodiment and the picturesquely personalized symbol of inner experiences and qualities; he did not make us but we made him. It is not true, they would say, that an honest man is the noblest work of God, but that an honest God is the noblest work of man.

* * *

Professor Huxley is very insistent throughout his book that the curse of religion is the idea of a supernatural Deity and that religion is "a way of life founded upon the apprehension of sacredness in existence." What is so very impressive in this book is the spectacle of a man who, starting with this thesis, labors with toil of mind and heart, fights with sustained spiritual valor for religion, defends it, enthusiastically seeks to establish it as the source of abundant living for the souls and societies of men. In a generation when many evangelical churches go from one year's end to the other with hardly a mention of the Trinity, Professor Huxley spends a whole chapter interpreting the three Persons in terms of his experience of the sacred.

"The head and heart of civilization are being torn in different directions" he rightly says. This he is sure will never do. The values of religion must somehow be made available for intelligent men. "What then do I believe?" he asks. "I believe, in the first instance, that it is necessary to believe something. Complete skepticism does not work." This from the grandson of T. H. Huxley is exceedingly interesting.

Discrediting then "any supernatural spiritual existence or force," and insisting that "religion arose as a feeling of the sacred," Professor Huxley proceeds reverently, constructively, with evident relish and earnestness, to map out what he thinks are the next steps in religion. Sin and penitence, "grace and the sense of grace," mystical illumination in "the supreme moments when we feel in touch with things eternal and absolute"—all such essential experiences of religion he values and claims. I know no more valorous effort to encompass the whole range of religion's spiritual gifts—without God.

When the book is finished, however, one remembers the author's description of himself as "swirled round and round in a whirlpool of thought without being able to catch on to the one and only possible landing stage, which one knows is there but which one cannot discern." Professor Huxley is primarily a scientist. He does not always move easily in the realm of philosophy. Of some most important problems and proposed solutions in that realm he seems only dimly aware. He waves aside too easily questions about the nature of the universe and what it may do or leave undone to mankind and the spiritual values for which, at its best, mankind most cares. He does not face the difficulties involved in believing that by some kind of materialistic magic Einstein's mind, Shakespeare's imagination, and Christ's character, came from a fortuitous concourse of atoms. And in all his dealing with religion he does not envisage the possibility that religion may be devotion to life's spiritual values—goodness, truth, and beauty—in the conviction that they are not the fortuitous by-product of a negligent universe but have their kindred source at the creative depths of reality.

Rupert Hughes' Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON 1762-1777: The Rebel and the Patriot. By RUPERT HUGHES. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. HUGHES'S second volume is less successful than the first; and it is less successful because the materials are more complex, the task of portraiture more difficult. In his first he dealt with the child and the adolescent, drawn against the comparatively simple background of colonial society. His narrative came to a climax with the last French war and the marriage to Martha Custis. In this second volume he has to deal with the mature man, whose mind and character have some almost baffling aspects, while his background becomes the tangled story of colonial unrest and continental revolt. Neither as history nor as a piece of portrayal does his book quite reach the high level attained at the outset.

This is not to deny that it is a valuable book, and that in its thoroughness, carefulness, and honesty it displaces all previous treatments of this period of Washington's life. The keynote of its 600 pages is conscientiousness. The principal criticisms publicly urged against it and its predecessor—that they are unpatriotic, defamatory, studiously iconoclastic —are simply fatuous. No informed student can read it carefully without realizing that the author has a deep reverence for George Washington, that he admires his fine traits of character, and that he wishes to magnify rather than minify his virtues. He wisely believes that the best way to do this is to tell the truth. Not merely do sincerity and candor regarding Washington's small weaknesses make him human and real; they make comprehensible the growth of the man, his triumphs over himself, his development. In what he calls an "Afterword," printed at the close of the book, Mr. Hughes offers a spirited counter-attack against his critics. He correctly speaks of Washington as "a poor struggler with infinite difficulties," and correctly declares that to take such a man, to suppress his outbursts of anger, his errors, his foibles, his ignorances, and make him seem a demi-god sprung full-panoplied from the brow of Providence, is to do him a heartless disservice. It is a poor patriotism that cannot face the facts of biography and history realistically.

* * *

Mr. Hughes's sincerity and frankness extend, it need hardly be said, to a review of the facts of rebellion and revolution as well as of Washington's own career. Sometimes this is a little naïve; Mr. Hughes flings out a bit defiantly some truths with which professional historians have been familiar for years. Yet he is writing for a popular audience, and it is well to have him put blunt facts down in a blunt style, as in his pungent paragraphs on the Boston "massacre":

> Few things are more disgraceful in American history than the treatment the British troops received in Boston. Not so much because hoodlums and riffraff committed the vilest and most cowardly excesses—they always do in every community—in England mobs were even more vicious; but because respectable Americans, historians and orators, have defended them, and made a sacred incident of a riot in which eight badgered soldiers caught at bay fired on seventy-five ropewalkers and killed five.
>
> Paul Revere made an engraving and called the event "The Bloody Massacre." Bancroft described it as an unprovoked and murderous assault upon peaceful citizens by a debased soldiery. The incident was sanctified until 1887, when a proposal by the Massachusetts legislature to erect a monument to the victims was met by a vote of the Historical Society that it "heard with regret" of the intention; it would have been, says Van Tyne, "to put the martyr's crown on the brow of vulgar ruffians." The Boston "massacre" may now be safely and honestly dismissed as a regrettable incident, not one to be upheld before schoolchildren as an example to emulate.

If one aspect of Mr. Hughes's conscientiousness is his honesty, another aspect is his zealous industry, his insistence upon completeness. He goes into every episode; he clogs the biographical narrative with great blocks of pure history, and he clogs the historical narrative with a careful sifting of rather futile biographical controversies. We find him pausing to discuss for a couple of pages the works of the negro poet, Phyllis Wheatley, dilating upon Burgoyne's play-writing activities, and drawing an unnecessarily long parallel between the resources and weaknesses of the colonies and the Confederacy; we find him listing in two pages the "dictators" who, more selfish than Washington, used their powers to subvert the state. One of the controversies which has a tang of scandal, the lie regarding Washington's paternity of Tom Posey, of which John C. Fitzpatrick disposed so effectively, is properly relegated to the appendix. But others are not, and unnecessary space is given to exploding forged letters and mendacious enemy pamphlets. Documentary material which might well have been summarized is quoted entire. All this has a certain value for the student, but it is essentially bad biographical art.

It is the more regrettable in that Mr. Hughes, with his long experience as a novelist, has a distinct talent for vivid and shrewd narrative. This comes out very well in his early chapters on the life at Mount Vernon, "He Fights the Soil" and "His Struggle for Wealth." It is still more evident in his account of the fighting on Long Island and Manhattan, when only a combination of incredible good luck and incredible British stupidity saved the American army from ruin. The author has a knack for putting facts graphically, as when he says of the strategy of the battle of Long Island: "The Americans chose to defend a wall of hills with three gates in it. They forgot to shut the third gate." He has a quiet humor which occasionally gives the story a mellow glow, as when he remarks of the fog which fortunately shrouded the American retreat from Long Island across the East River that "There has been a mighty pother about that fog. It was too fine a thing to be left as artless nature flung it. It had to be improved as a divine cloud thrown about the weary soldiers, Providence protecting her favorites. The Rev. Dr. Gordon in his history calls the fog a 'heavenly messenger.'" Now and then there is a great deal of feeling in the story. The history of little Patsy Custis at the beginning of the book is appealing, and so at the close is the tragic story of Riall, the Hessian commander at Trenton, who was so harshly aroused from his drunken sleep by rebel cannon, and who rushed forth only to fall under three bullets. Mr. Hughes's work is not notable for imagination, and has little of the fire and vividness of a writer like Trevelyan, but it is by no means totally lacking in these qualities.

The central defect of the book is that no rounded, consistent, lifelike portrait of Washington emerges from its honest, amply documented pages. It ably succeeds in destroying the fictitious Washington of Henry Cabot Lodge. It largely succeeds in showing the slow but impressive growth of Washington. Mr. Hughes demonstrates how an indolent, ill-educated, provincial-minded planter, whose chief ambition was to accumulate a fortune and live a comfortable, honorable, obscure life, became a leader of immense force, self-control, and self-abnegation. To use his own words, he offers a detailed and documented record of the development of Washington from "a baffled soldier and a bewildered farmer into one of the masterpieces of human nature." But while the facts are there, the vital spark has not been breathed into them. The material has not been brought to the melting point and there fused. Mr. Hughes has in some respects done better than any of his predecessors, but he has not done what Lord Charnwood did with Lincoln, or what Mr. Beveridge, upon a comparable scale, did with a leader who had been even more shadowy, John Marshall.

What he has done is to accumulate a great mass of data, much of it interpreted with incisive comment, for the use of some future biographer who may essay a living portrait with better success. Washington is perhaps the most difficult subject in all American biography. No one can tell how long we shall have to wait for a writer with sufficient insight, imagination, daring, and literary genius to conquer the theme which he offers. Meanwhile Mr. Hughes is producing a work which fills a glaring need, which shows the most commendable industry and sincerity, and which should be warmly welcomed by every student either of George Washington or his times.

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An American Schoolmaster

THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN. By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by VERNON L. PARRINGTON

THE judgment of history that inclines to salvage only Emerson and Thoreau from the wreck of transcendentalism, is a bit severe. Amongst the men of that vigorous age who were much talked about in their own time, certain ones may have been too carelessly forgotten. Perhaps Orestes Brownson and Bronson Alcott merit the oblivion that has come to them, but to grant them no appeal to a higher court than that in which they were first judged is scarcely just. Orestes Brownson was a picturesque figure even in the picturesque 'forties. Endowed with a muscular intellect and an enormous capacity for espousing causes, he ran lustily through all the isms of the day and fought briskly for every liberal cause. Beginning as a Presbyterian he passed successively through Universalism, Unitarianism, transcendentalism, and ended in the bosom of Mother Church. A militant democrat, he grasped the calloused hand of labor and hobnobbed with Socialists and Utopian dreamers; and having found peace nowhere else he knocked finally at the door of the Roman Catholic Church to lay his troubles at her hospitable altar. Bronson Alcott was less robust and pugnacious but equally individual. By common neighborhood report he was the most "erratic" of the transcendentalists, and the fluent mysticism of his Orphic Sayings made him the common butt of ridicule. Sensible folk regarded him as the blowsiest of a blowsy school, who wrote and talked endlessly and got few to understand what it was all about and fewer still to care. The ear of the world was early shut against him. Reams of his manuscript remain unpublished, including his diary, "some fifty volumes of exquisite handwriting on yellowed paper," each volume containing "three hundred odd pages"—the spiritual and intellectual autobiography of a singular life. Perhaps his neighbors interpreted him correctly in accounting his name a synonym for futility, but there is room for doubt.

Mrs. Morrow is of the opinion that he has been most unjustly treated; nay more, she is convinced that the materialism which has fallen upon American education is due in part to the rejection of the wisdom of this forgotten prophet who would make education to concern itself primarily with the things of the spirit; and that if we are to pull our schools out of that slough we must go back to Bronson Alcott and take up once more the work he was not permitted to carry on. "Nothing is so tragic about the disappearance of the New England leaven from American life," Mrs. Morrow suggests, "as the fact that New England itself destroyed so much of that leaven. And the story of Bronson Alcott tells, as nothing else can tell, how New England destroyed the things it loved." In the judgment of Mrs. Morrow, Bronson Alcott was the greatest schoolmaster America has ever had, and his greatness consisted in the skill with which he encouraged young minds to unfold themselves, stimulating them to think and feel, to live in the mind and the spirit. "Discipline, moral and intellectual"—that was Alcott's recipe. "A depraved child! Never was there one when parental and social influences were duly bestowed upon it"—a dictum that suggests both the Enlightenment and Behaviorism. And it was this insistence on freedom to live in the mind and spirit that scandalized New England parents and brought disaster on his successive schools; for parents then as now wanted their children taught the particular fetishes and taboos upon which their own stupid lives had been erected. Mrs. Morrow has told the story of the great venture with much charm, and if our professional students of education fail to read her book it will be their loss. To me the suggestiveness of the work lies in its testimony to the tragic difficulty with which education in America has made headway against the combined stupidity of parents and educators and Boards of Education.

Much of Bronson Alcott, of course, is not in this study. Mrs. Morrow has gone to the diary, but she has used only such portions as dealt with Alcott's theory and practice of education. Alcott the mystic and social reformer, Alcott the contributor to the *Dial*, the experimenter at Fruitlands, the founder of the Concord School of Philosophy, is not to be found in these entertaining pages.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Note on Conrad

I HAVE not read "The Sisters," Joseph Conrad's unfinished story which is printed in this month's *Bookman*. I am luxurious in my taste for reading J. C. and prefer to come to his pages in a particular mood and impulse. I need to be very much myself before reading him, for perhaps more than any other writer I can think of Conrad is (to me) valuable for self-discovery. I do not read him to find out what happened to his characters—almost all of whom are, to me, shadowy and unrememberable. I read him to find out what is happening to myself. The requisite equilibrium for reading "The Sisters" has not come. I began, got as far as the witty and sardonic second and third sentences, and paused. ("He set off on his search for a creed—and found only an infinity of formulas," was the sentence that halted me. Here, I said to myself, this is going to be good: I'll wait until some godlike evening when I'm fit for it.) One of my secret hoards is that there are still two or three of Conrad's novels that I've never read. I carry them, lashed down under the gunnle like an extra spar. They may serve as jury rig in case of emergency.

But I've read Ford Madox Ford's note on "The Sisters," which accompanies the story in the *Bookman*, and am inclined to agree with Mitchell Kennerley who remarked (with his customary and immediate positiveness) that it is one of the few really significant comments on Conrad that have been printed. Believing as I do that Ford's memoir of Conrad (three years ago) was one of the most thrillingly intelligent tributes ever paid to a great writer, I always listen with most attentive ears when Mr. Ford has anything to say about his friend and collaborator. The first job of the prentice theologian is always to 'harmonize' the Gospels; and as in the case of any Messiah who has passed on the patient student has to thread his way among the conflicting jealous accounts of those who Knew Him. But I esteem Mr. Ford's comments especially because he always deals with Conrad in a strictly professional sense. Amid so much only partly relevant remark upon Conrad's personal enchantment, his career as mariner, his financial difficulties, Ford considers him solely as the imaginative artist. In other words Ford takes Conrad very seriously, as Conrad did himself.

Mr. Ford mentions "The Sisters" and "The Return" (in "Tales of Unrest") as Conrad's early attempts to be a "straight" writer rather than "the relatively exotic novelist of the sea and the lagoons." He might also have mentioned their collaborated piece "The Nature of a Crime," the entire neglect of which by readers and critics always surprised me. It seems to me, much more than "The Return," evidence of Conrad's ability to make silk of the old familiar sow's ear. There is to me a certain humor in Mr. Ford's apparently deploring that Conrad went on to write such things as "Youth" and "Heart of Darkness" and "The Shadow Line" when he might have written about "usual human activities in cities." But Conrad was too great a man for many of us to agree about him.

The important thing that Mr. Ford's note brings up, and the thing every student of Conrad has wondered about is what Ford calls his "thwarted desire to write of the relationship between men and women." The one serious blemish to me in Conrad's great powers always seems the unreality of his women. They seem to me incurably romantic hallucinations, the conception of a lonely man on the poop of a ship. Freya, who played the piano against thunderstorms, and Jacobus's negligée daughter, are almost the only two who come back to me with any vibration of actuality—those and the barmaid of the Three Crows (in "The Brute"). Perhaps I'm wrong about this: but I've always wished that some accomplished feminine psychographer (Dorothy Parker, for instance) would give us a hand on this topic. To imagine women as a lonely ship's officer might, leaning over the taffrail in the middle watch, is undoubtedly the safest; but as Ruggles or Mr. Ford might say, it would never do with us.

* * *

Of the remarkable collection of Conrad data and letters carefully gathered by M. Jean-Aubry there will be as many interpreters as critics. Those competent to read here and there between the lines will see part of the curious and splendid tragedy of any great artist in this world. I do not think that any of us have yet come anywhere near assessing the greatness of the man, either as personality or as artist—the artist who wrote that "the intention of temperamental writing is infinitely complex," and who wrote:

> Imagination should be used to create human souls: to disclose human hearts,—and not to create events that are properly speaking *accidents* only. To accomplish it you must cultivate your poetic faculty,—you must give yourself up to emotions (no easy task). You must squeeze out of yourself every sensation, every thought, every image,—mercilessly, without reserve and without remorse: you must search the darkest corners of your heart, the most remote recesses of your brain,—you must search them for the image, for the glamour, for the right expression. And you must do it sincerely, at any cost.

And these were not the easy words of a man at the top of his career. When they were written Conrad had only just left the sea, had published only one book, and was in anguished travail with the second. It was about this time that he was writing to his publisher, in a discussion of terms, that he could not afford to accept a rate that would net him less than ten-pence an hour.

The MS. of "Victory," by the way, was sold in Philadelphia the other day for $15,000.

* * *

Among the many claimants for the honor of having caught the Conrad vibration early in the day, I have never seen any mention of the remarkable review by J. Stewart Doubleday, in *The Reader* (Mitchell Kennerley's old magazine) in May, 1903. "Youth" had just been published over here, and what Mr. Doubleday said is still true a quarter century later:

> The title-story of this volume is a masterpiece. The other tales contained in the volume, "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether" are good; they even in some qualities possibly surpass their predecessor, but they lack that undefinable virtue of attainment, that completeness of conception and expression, which distinguish "Youth." "Youth" is new; we are perhaps a bit disturbed by the glamor of its excellence; but at first guess (for criticism is after all like fortune-telling, a sort of experienced guess-work) it seems to supply something fresh yet essential to man, to give him a new harmonious arrangement, a pleasure as of spring or of ripeness or lucent streams, yet unexpected in a way. It bears the miracle-sign; it has intuition, inspiration.
>
> The actual story—if one must in any way analyze a literary substance so perfect—is the same sea story we loved so ardently by candlelight long ago, when geography and arithmetic were put aside and the adventure book, the daring book, the book of the whole interesting unknown world was opened to our eyes, already dazzled with the expectation of sea enchantment. And herein lies the wonder of Mr. Conrad's achievement: he gives it all to us again; not the story alone, but the feeling, the growth, the unsayable desire, the youth, in a word, with which we read the old ones. Not with sadness does he bring the strong emotion back, nor with dry reminiscence and regret, but he flashes it into being with a certain freshness and glow that make us live that early time over again. When we read "Youth", we are laughing at the follies of our morning, but we are made morning-hearted, too.
>
> And this story, this wisdom of a mature man, this clearly individual secret of life drawn from the sky and the sea and the human soul just blossoming in the great garden of the world, is aptly and musically expressed in as grateful and mellow English as ever, for the bringing out of noble nature, was employed by the various prose masters of brief narrative literature. Mr. Conrad's masterpiece is alone of its kind.
>
> "Heart of Darkness" tells of an Englishman who went out to the deadly West Coast of Africa to become the captain of a river steamboat. His experience is weird and interesting. Rascality, mismanagement, cruelty and pestilence make of the river settlements one of those hells which only a healthy-minded man like the writer can profitably depict, and none can make real but one possessed of a striking imagination. Mystery is there in abundance, and something wholly regional of horror, which the reader who knows not the nightmare of the tropics must inadequately realize. The story is a very fine piece of impressionist's work, and throughout that impressionism, like the fever in the jungle-river mist, lurks something sinister and swift, which compels attention; yet which, when all is said, seems a thing of mood rather than a thing of truth. Besides, the diction is often turbid, and we frequently mark the trail of a long-lost Rudyard!—momentous faults in the writing of a man distinguished for clear and individual phrase. These shortcomings should not, however, blind us to the fact that "Heart of Darkness" is a very fine piece of descriptive and psychological fiction.

In writing about Conrad there need be no pettiness, no attempt of rival friends or executors to score off one another. He was, as M. Jean-Aubry finely said, "an artist in the great manner and a man strong in soul." His magnificent and unbelievable career gives the perfect contour of the artist's adventure in this planet. Do not forget that when a long official envelope reached him, containing an offer of knighthood, he feared to open it, believing it an income tax blank.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

On Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: HIS SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT. By J. W. N. SULLIVAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $3.50.

BEETHOVEN: THE SEARCH FOR REALITY. By W. J. TURNER. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by MONTGOMERY BELGION

THESE two books have an identical subject, argued in each in opposite order. Mr. Sullivan starts with a theory of art and in particular of music and then illustrates that theory with what he calls Beethoven's spiritual development and the expression of that development in the music. Mr. Turner starts with the assumption that Beethoven's music was "the richest and most significant expression of his personality," and from that argues a theory of music and of art generally. Neither author is concerned primarily with Beethoven. Rather, this being the centenary year of Beethoven's death, both have used Beethoven in order to expound, Mr. Sullivan the views already explicit in his two volumes, "Aspects of Science"; Mr. Turner the hypothesis originally dealt with in his "Orpheus, or the Music of the Future."

Mr. Sullivan is a propagandist for a "conception of the function of music" and of art "incompatible," as he says, "with the general intellectual climate of the last three centuries." Beethoven, he declares, must have regarded art as a way of communicating knowledge about reality, have held what Mr. I. A. Richards in his "Principles of Literary Criticism" terms the "revelation theory" of art. "The greatest function of a work of art," says Mr. Sullivan, "is to present us with a higher organization of experience." Again:

> Beethoven's work will live because of the permanent value, to the human race, of the experiences it communicates. These experiences are valuable because they are in the line of human development; they are experiences to which the race, in its evolutionary march, aspires.

As to Beethoven's spiritual development, which gives to Mr. Sullivan's book its title, he divides Beethoven's compositions into three periods. In the first the music was merely the expression of various moods, yet "experiences which are not only fundamental but universal." "The spiritual content" of the second period is "achievement through heroism in spite of suffering." In the third period, first, that is, in the Ninth Symphony, "a synthesis has been achieved." The last complete work, the quartet in F major, Op. 135, "is the work of a man who is fundamentally at peace." "Muss es sein? Es muss sein!"

> Such a transition, as we find from Beethoven's "second" to his "third" period, is extremely rare * * * He adds one to the very few cases that exist of a genuine spiritual development.

It is upon a similar view of Beethoven and his music that Mr. Turner bases his theory of art—and life. Art, for Mr. Turner, is the "crystallizing" of experience into images. The artist has a formless desire or state of being, and this inner experience he puts into form and embodies forth. A spectator or auditor has to carry out the opposite process. A pianist, to give an auditor a sonata as the composer experienced it, must live it over again, and likewise the auditor must, as far as he can, turn the image which is the sonata back into feeling or experience. Life consists in precisely these two processes: the experience "becoming" the image and the image becoming the experience.

> Our whole sentimental, intellectual, and emotional life consists in that conception which is the coalescing of the coincidence of an image with a feeling.

Thus living is the realizing of ideas and the conceiving of ideals. But both ideas and ideals are mere "crystallized" fragments of life itself. Hence an ideal cannot be an ultimate goal in life; but it can be only a point of departure from which to start living. Likewise art. Art does not consist in copying artistic ideals:

> The function of these images [artistic ideals] is to melt again into feeling, penetrating as far down into the observer's soul as the depth from which they arose in their creator's, and in so doing to release fresh life which may in its turn be imaged forth to the world to be a source of further fruition.

Education should not consist, as it does, of teaching us to live the experience of others by setting up for us ideals, *i. e.,* images of what others have experienced; it should teach us to turn ideals into experience, so that we can go on from that to experience originally for ourselves.

> Art is the conduct of the soul * * * the highest, freest, and most developed form of action.

And what applies to art applies to the rest of conduct. In the region of individual behavior action must be original and not conventional:

> There must be a struggle to reembody feelings in conduct and these feelings must be ever undergoing modification and change and then be reimaged forth into conduct.

Mr. Turner's theory, in short, assumes a certain relation between art and life and asserts two series of terms to be each equivalent: life-feeling-experience and art-image-idea-ideal-action.

Of the two writers, Mr. Turner is the more copious, Mr. Sullivan the more sober. Otherwise there is little to choose between them, as may have been gathered from my exposition and in particular from their airy references, Mr. Sullivan to "evolutionary march," Mr. Turner to "becoming," it being highly doubtful, as most people know, whether there is any "evolutionary march" or any "becoming." Though Mr. Sullivan, it is true, devotes a chapter to disputing Gurney's "The Power of Sound," the fundamental defect in both authors, it seems to me, is this: they are so eager to insist upon their theories that they neglect to establish any solid basis for them; each, that is, is guilty of a *petitio principii.* It is not enough, surely, to illustrate either theory with the one example of Beethoven, even if what the case of Beethoven furnishes is evidence. The theories would have to be shown to apply to at least more than one artist—to Bach, for instance, as well as to Beethoven.

Bach, indeed, provides a stumbling block for two ingenious theorizers. So Mr. Turner is led to compare Bach to "a Shorthorn bull," to "a good but stupid athlete." And Mr. Sullivan is led to say:

> The man who has sincerely accepted a religious scheme in which all the major problems of life are provided with solutions is likely to go through life without ever experiencing the direct impact of those problems. That is, in fact, the weakness of Bach as compared with Beethoven.

Which is, it will be agreed, an amazing statement!

A Pioneer Work

THE RUSSIAN ICON. By NIKODIM PAVLOVICH KONDAKOV. Translated by Ellis H. Minns. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $35.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS beautifully made quarto is the first systematic work in its field. It was completed by the learned and venerable author in his eightieth year, when he was a refugee at Prague. Representing as it does the summing up of over fifty years of research, it is fortunate indeed that it fell into the hands of the most sympathetic and competent of editors and translators as into those of the most considerate and generous of publishers. It is in every sense a pioneer work, for it is only recently that the cleaning of Russian icons has given us with the material evidence a reasonably sure basis in schools and chronology, and even now the collateral Balkan material remains imperfectly explored. With this book and Wulff and Malparoff's "Denkmäler der Ikonenmalerei" the student is now in a position to confront the vast and inchoate collection of Likachév and the thousands of still unpublished icons.

No complete review of a highly specialistic work is possible here. We may note only that Professor Kondakóv remained to the end faithful to his theory that the glories of Russian icon painting in the fifteenth century were chiefly due to a backwash from the finest Italo-Byzantine painting, Balkan painting playing an inconsiderable rôle except, again, as an intermediary with Italy. In short Kondakóv throughout minimizes the fashionable and perhaps overpopular East-Christian hypothesis. At present there can be little certainty in such generalizations. At least Kondakóv's view puts the esthetic emphasis where it belongs.

While naturally this pioneer work is intended for specialists, the volume will appeal to bibliophiles in its own right; it offers in the reproductions much that is beautiful and novel to the art lover, and to the amateur of cults and superstitions, much that is interesting.

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Points of View

Cummings's "Him"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Rreview*:
SIR:

In a recent account of E. E. Cummings's play "Him," the baffled reviewer, while admitting several of Cummings's excellences, asks for suggestions as to "possible" significances. May I utilize some of your space to take up his challenge?

In my opinion, the chief characters, "Him" and "Me," represent respectively those twin aspects of the mind known to psychiatrists as the "Persona" and the "Anima," and named by Blake over a century ago the "Spectre" and the "Emanation." The drop-scene represents the outer Consciousness, where the Anima is being anæsthetized by the doctor (or "Censor"). The three Fates—rather commonplace persons—sit about, ignoring the tragedy enacted before their eyes while they chatter their usual nonsense, in which a canary assumes the proportions of a hippopotamus.

The rising of this curtain is lifting the lid of a skull; therein one beholds the bitter, grotesque dream-life of an American in love with snow and skyscrapers. There are two persons in a room with a mirror. One of them cannot sleep. Nothing happens, except love and death and hunger and dreams. The audience itself is the mirror at first; then the room revolves. Los woos Enitharmon with a series of phantasmagoria, some side-splitting, some indecent, some terrible. It is the awful, circular drift of the dust of reality in one skull.

Historically, "Him" belongs in the tradition started by Strindberg's "Dream Play," adapted by Joyce for the Hell scene in "Ulysses," and again remodeled for the "Beggar on Horseback" and Dos Passos's unappreciated "Garbage Man;" yet so many other elements impinge (Dada and O'Neill, I believe), and the auctorial personality is so strong, that the result is wholly new. One could discuss the play as another manifestation of the Literature of Nerves, established by T. S. Eliot's "Waste Land." But no one of any of these ancestors contains at once the raucous laughter, the realism brutal to the height of lyricism, the shameless and unexcused bawdry, the sudden symbolic vistas, and the profound poignancy of some scenes—especially the scene with the pistol and the other one after the balked love affair.

So many people seem to have been puzzled by this play that I offer these suggestions; but they are suggestions only, and nothing more. As for the reviewer's last remark: "So much for the man who once had the promise of an American Keats," I can merely add that one Keats is enough. He was so very great that his ghost has haunted poets now for a century, scaring them all into feeble imitation. It is ridiculous to compete with a genius on his own chosen field. That Cummings has staked out another field for himself is greatly to his credit, whatever crop it may bear.

S. FOSTER DAMON.

Providence, R. I.

From "Store of Ladies"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I make a perhaps unusual request of you? In those columns where I have often seen authors answering their critics, and critics replying to their authors, may I only quote a very beautiful paragraph from "Store of Ladies," by Mr. Louis Golding? The paragraph has no relevancy—unless an exquisite prose is relevant to those discussions of literature which nowadays concern themselves all too little with problems of style.

"Ask the lover these things. Seek the answer in the conduct of his eyes, not when they gaze consciously upon you, but when they gaze unconsciously upon other women. For love is not a bird that takes wings and abandons forever, in a single assay, the heart it nested in. For a short while or a long while the wings are folded. Then one day an unease possesses them; they flutter, they are lifted a single instant above the nest. Soon they strain for adventure in neighboring branches, but are home again before they knew they were abroad. Then they venture into further airs, they desert the nest for shorter or longer absences. A terror one day possesses them. They hug the nest more desperately than ever before. The next day they are flown. They do not ever return."

I should like to call this paragraph to the attention of our young writers to whom style so often means only a series of ejaculations.

ROBERT NATHAN.

New York.

Struwwelpeter

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of December 31, your correspondent tells a small part of the story connected with the origin of "Struwwelpeter." In the *Gartenlaube* (*Ladies' Home Journal* of Germany) Dr. Hoffmann wrote an article apropos of the appearance of the hundredth edition of "*Struwwelpeter*" (1876) telling how he came upon the idea of such a book. When one wishes to frighten German children into good behavior, one tells them that the chimney sweep will come and carry them off if they are not good, or that the doctor will call and give them a lot of terrible medicine if they don't watch out. Dr. Hoffmann found, as a physician, that he wasted more time, therefore, trying to pacify his youthful patients than it took to diagnose and prescribe. He found that he could gain the confidence, and bring on the calm, of the most obstreperous and timid youngster by taking a sheet of paper, drawing a picture, and illustrating it with verses. In this way the contents of "Struwwelpeter" originated. Of foreign editions there have been no end, including the Portuguese for the children of Brazil.

A. W. P.

Great Dangers Beset Nordic Strain

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Foreign Literature

Portuguese Letters

PEQUENA HISTORIA DA LITERATURA BRASILEIRA. By RONALD DA CARVALHO. Rio de Janeiro: P. Briquet & Co. 1927.

Reviewed by MUNA LEE
University of Porto Rico

THIS third edition, revised and enlarged, of Senhor Carvalho's brief history of Portuguese literature is both the most judicial and the most interesting reference work on the subject. "Ronald da Carvalho is the first of our literary historians who has known how to write," as Dr. Madeiros de Albuquerque of the Brazilian Academy declares in the preface. The author, entirely in the modern spirit, looks for sociological and psychological impulses of literary movements, which he treats as historical successions of ideas rather than as a long file of authors on parade. With a rough division of the literature into two periods—from the sixteenth century to the close of the eighteenth, during which time the crossing of bloods in Brazil was mainly Portuguese and Indian, Portuguese and negro, and Indian and negro, and from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present day, with an ever increasing complexity of racial strains due to immigration and the abolition of slavery—he finds that the predominant cultural influence has always been Portugal; though so modified and transformed as to have produced in the American tropics literature of a distinct ethnic cast.

The most important figure of the colonial period, Gregorio de Mattos, strikes the first truly American note as "the revolt of bourgeois good sense against the absurd puerilities of hereditary aristocracy," and is "the first virile spirit of the Brazilian race." He was a true poet as well, and a figure out of Stevensonian romance, for all his "bourgeois good sense," gallant in a velvet cape, making royal governors writhe under his epigrams, skilfully evading creditors, or singing under an innumerable succession of not too securely guarded balconies.

A lively discussion of folk-poetry and legends and of their influence in helping to form the nascent national spirit, leads logically to a study of the Romantics, as typified by Goncalves Dias, poet of nature and religion; Alvares de Azevedo, poet of doubt; and Castro Alves, poet of the people—tags rather more useful in a "brief history" than absolutely definitive. Among the Parnassians of the succeeding epoch (1870-1900), Olavo Bilac, whose passion and splendor Senhor Carvalho a little deprecates, shines out as one of the true luminaries of Latin-American poetry. "He was a pan-sexualist," comments our critic, coining an apt phrase; and occasionally his genius burst the banks of meter "with equatorial violence." But beautiful and evocative imagery, tenderness, and infinite sweetness, as well as violence, make of Bilac's poetry "a long bright river of sound" with the addition of masterly technique in the sonnets. He has "something of Baudelairean exoticism, much of Renaissance grace, and a trace of Heredia," all within limits intensely American and intensely tropical. Perhaps his closest affinity is with Nicaragua.

The Brazilian novel is predominantly realistic, and has achieved itself most effectively in the work of Aluizio Acevedo and Machado de Assis. The former—who is admirably represented in English by a translation of "A Casa da Pensão," under the title, "A Brazilian Tenement"—is an impressionist master of color and design. It is a bewildering pageant of life that he depicts, but no one (certainly, at least, no foreigner) can understand some sections of Brazilian life, "certain tendencies of the tumultuous inchoate ethnic chaos which is our proletariat," the roots of certain social problems, without knowing Aluizio Azevedo's work. The brief account of Machado de Assis, with a deeply appreciative yet restrained estimate of his place in literature, is one of the most illuminating sections of the book.

The Brazilian spirit, Senhor Carvalho finds, has been warped by the incessant struggle of totemistic Indian, fatalistic African, and nostalgic Lusitanian. "It stands half-paralyzed before its destiny." "Sorrow and voluptuousness have made us drunk. They have been our inheritance from the past, the inheritance even of those who have been our best interpreters, as for example, Goncalves Dias, Castro Alves, Raymundo Correia."

The history of our best minds is in large part a mirror of the struggle between man and nature. . . . But today our national substance has been profoundly modified. The typical Brazilian is no longer *filho de fazendeiro*, habituated to the long silences of the plains, witness of the sufferings of a race enslaved, who sucked in doubt with his mother's milk. The Brazilian is in short no longer the exclusive product of the limited interminglings of three racial groups: Indian, African, Portuguese. Italian, German, Slavic, Saxon elements have entered in. . . . Life has become more restless, more active, more cosmopolitan, less static.

"The Brazilian of today," Senhor Carvalho ends his study by saying with a fine and challenging energy—he is himself poet, one of the most promising among the younger Brazilians, as well as literary historian, and there is poetry and justice in his vision for his contemporaries—

The Brazilian of today must create his own literature, avoiding every manner of foregone conclusion. He faces an immense, a virgin world, *full of stimulating* promises. To organize this material, give it stability, reduce it to its true and just human expression, must be his fundamental preoccupation. An art direct, pure, deeply rooted in the national structure, an art synthesizing all our tumult of power in gestation: this is what the Brazilian today must achieve. And to do so, he must study not merely the problems of Brazil but the great problems of America. *Estamos no momento da lição americana.* We come at last to our hour.

The author's wit and energy, and his almost passionate identification of himself with his theme, are very exhilarating; and his impartial and careful weighing of evidence, his acquaintance with other literatures than those of his own race, his steadfast refusal to be betrayed into snap judgments, and his sincerity, are qualities all too rare in literary criticism in any language. It might be added that Senhor Carvalho's style is simple and direct.

Romanticism

POUR LE CENTENAIRE DU ROMANTISME. By ERNEST SEILLIÈRE. Paris: Champion. 1927.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

ROMANTICISM has reached its hundredth birthday. Presumably we may still cherish the belief that Euripides and Shakespeare and Rousseau are great romantic writers, but the literary world of Paris has decided that 1827, the year of Victor Hugo's "Cromwell," marks the official beginning of the romantic movement. The preface to "Cromwell," which was hailed in its own day as the manifesto of the young intellectuals, undertook to prove that great Art must unite the beautiful and the grotesque. Starting from that hypothesis the Romantics naturally evolved their astonishing collection of pious criminals, faithful courtesans, and superstitious atheiste. But that is, after all, only a superficial aspect of romanticism.

Ernest Seillière has presented a far more comprehensive picture. Without attempting anything like a chronological history he has indicated in this series of discursive essays the difference between the romantic and the scientific attitude towards life. The essays are for the most part reviews that appeared originally in the *Journal des Débats*. Consequently the reader must not expect a formal development of one train of thought. Instead of starting with Rousseau or Victor Hugo he harks back to the controversy between Celsus and Origen. Celsus, the great pagan philosopher of the second century, objected to Christianity on precisely the same grounds that we object to the more exaggerated forms of romanticism. He condemned what he called the sensationalism of Christianity and its deliberate confusion of social values. Not content with Celsus, M. Seillière goes back further still to the mystical conception of human origins. The true romantic with his *infinite faith in the inherent dignity of man* rejects the Darwinian theories of evolution and natural selection. Rather than consider man a species of sublimated ape he decides that apes are a later and degenerate form of man, perhaps the fruit of certain animal promiscuities of our distant ancestors.

It is impossible to follow M. Seillière *through all his ramifications*. He stalks his quarry all the way from primitive man to Edith Wharton, and if he never quite succeeds in laying it low, he is as full of illuminating suggestions at the end of the last chapter as he was at the beginning of the first. No man who cares for literature can be dull on the subject of romanticism, and M. Seillière, though he sometimes sees a long way into the millstone, is never dull.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE GREAT PAINTERS IN RELATION TO THE EUROPEAN TRADITION. By EDITH R. ABBOT. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $5.

Miss Abbot's survey of European painting from Cimabue to yesterday is conducted with knowledge, taste, and discretion. Her literary manner is equable, for continuous reading too little varied, but in a book that is likely to be parcelled out in lessons or used for reference this can hardly be regarded as a defect. A certain inequality in the estimates of artists is probably due to a long and interrupted preparation under the vicissitudes of active teaching in the Metropolitan Museum. For beginners Miss Abbot's habit of skilfully weaving into her text nicely chosen quotations from many sources is well adapted, constituting a kind of bibliography without tears. The publishers have achieved the miracle, for an American book, of including nearly three hundred cuts without making the stout octavo unduly heavy. In short here is quite the best book of its sort in the market. It should have a wide circulation and usefulness. With Miss Helen Gardner's recent general history of art, it attests the high professional character of the new calling of museum teaching. For a second edition some minor errors are noted: the reason for the name, the Spanish Chapel, at Florence, is incorrectly given; the central part of Leonardo's Battle for the Standard was actually executed; Leonardo's Last Supper is not a fresco.

Fiction

THE BEGINNERS. By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

In Mr. Webster's latest novel we watch a typical American middle-class family fall towards disaster under financial and spiritual pressure, take stock of itself, and then, reconstructed, face the future much more soundly and heartily than before the calamity. Of course, in such a narrative there are many implied criticisms of ourselves and the people whom we see each day; the definitely American vices and virtues are rubbed up and heightened for our examination. By so much "The Beginners" is a healthful sort of narrative. Furthermore, it tells a fair story. But it possesses no literary distinction and offers little to stimulate our interest or arouse our admiration. To describe the novel as thin-blooded and obvious would be no injustice.

SALAMMBO. By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine. Day. 1927. $5.

A new edition of Flaubert's novel of Carthage, with fifteen illustrations by Mahlon Blaine and an introduction by Ben Ray Redman, should prove successful as what the trade calls "a gift book." It cannot be said that Mr. Redman contributes anything of much originality to the discussion of "Salammbo's" genesis, but he marshals the familiar facts in readable form, and has evidently spent considerable time looking up the matter. Mr. Blaine's style is best adapted to grotesque and horrible subjects. He has little sense of period, and no very distinguished line, but his bizarre invention often carries him over these disabilities. His illustrations for "Salammbo" might belong to almost any tale of bloodshed and splendor with an Eastern setting, but particularly in the small incidental decorations they do add something to the reader's picture of Carthage. What can be said nowadays of Flaubert's immense edifice in words, so glittering and yet so hollow? It stands precisely in the class from which "gift books" are drawn, however weighty the present day reader may find it. And in its class it should certainly rank high.

History

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF JAPAN. By HERBERT H. GOWEN. Appleton. 1927.

Dr. Gowen, who is giving distinguished service as Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Washington, has here added a history of Japan to his well-known histories of Asia and of China. He does not attempt to make any fresh contributions to our knowledge, either in facts or in interpretation. He is rather attempting to write a popular summary of what is already known. He begins with the myths or legends by which the Japanese attempt to account for their own origins and carries the story through to the summer of 1927.

Dr. Gowen at times bewilders his readers with details of names, incidents, and dates. For this reason his book is not particularly readable, and lacks the kind of perspective which enables the reader to see the onward sweep of the development of Japanese life and thought. He is largely, although by no means entirely, concerned with political history. Of the growth of institutions for example, the feudalism which was characteristic of Japan until the latter part of the nineteenth century and which has left a deep impress on the life of today, he has failed to give an adequate picture and has made no use of the best scholarship in trying to interpret it.

Dr. Gowen has simply repeated, without important variations, the story that has been told many times. For all that, however, it is a story well worth retelling, and in its present form will be useful to the general reader.

Juvenile

The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.

Miscellaneous

AMUSEMENTS SERIOUS AND COMICAL, AND OTHER WORKS. By TOM BROWN. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $6.

THE LONDON SPY. By NED WARD. Doran. 1927.

Tom Brown and Ned Ward were lively, loquacious, vulgar literary hacks who wrote just before and just after 1700. "Impelled by hunger, or request of friends," both wrote voluminously, and both are best known for their accounts of the sights and sounds and smells of the London they knew and loved and ridiculed. The work of neither can properly be called literature, but it begot literature in others; for their influence upon the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* was no slight one. It has real interest today, not only to the special student of eighteenth century life and letters (who finds it indispensable), but to every one who is entertained by the manners of the past; for the amazing mixture of crudity and sophistication, of refinement and vulgarity which made up the London of two centuries ago is nowhere so vividly preserved as in their pages.

Clearly to differentiate the work of one from that of the other would require some subtlety, but to distinguish between the present reprints is an easy task. The new edition of the "Amusements" is an attractive volume with many convenient notes and an adequate text; that of the "*London Spy*" is a fairly attractive volume with some notes and an unpardonable text. The editor states that the work is "now, for the first time, published in a form suitable for general reading." To make it thus suitable he has made numerous omissions—some of them perhaps defensible—and has rewritten many sentences in the interests of what he is pleased to regard as propriety. One instance will suffice. From one sentence he omits the important clause "who had whores to their mothers, rogues to their fathers, and bawds to their toutors," and in what is left he substitutes "love-mates" for "bedfellows." The result is a Ned Ward-Ersatz.

ENGLISH HOMES. By H. AVRAY TIPPING. Vol. II. Scribners. 1927. $25.

This second volume on Elizabethan and Jacobean houses is mainly devoted to outstanding examples of James I's reign. In this period there was considerable architectural development of the large country house and much improvement in planning and conveniences. The book is profusely illustrated and many of the photographs are unusual, as well as beautifully reproduced. Thirty examples of the period have been selected and the author has written a summary of the history of each one and of its important interior and exterior features.

This fine volume would appear to be necessary to anyone seriously interested in the development of the English country house and, in addition, should be of value to architects as a reference book.

Poetry

THE CENTAUR, EVERUE AND OTHER POEMS. By JAMES SYDNEY JOHNSON. San Francisco: The Windsor Press. 1927. $1.50.

This second book of poems by Mr. Johnson follows his first in the same year. He

(Continued on next page)

"The people shown us are human and genial, even in their faults, Rebekka, or "Bek" Winslow is a creation of whom any writer might legitimately be proud . . . A story that was well worth telling, and, well told."
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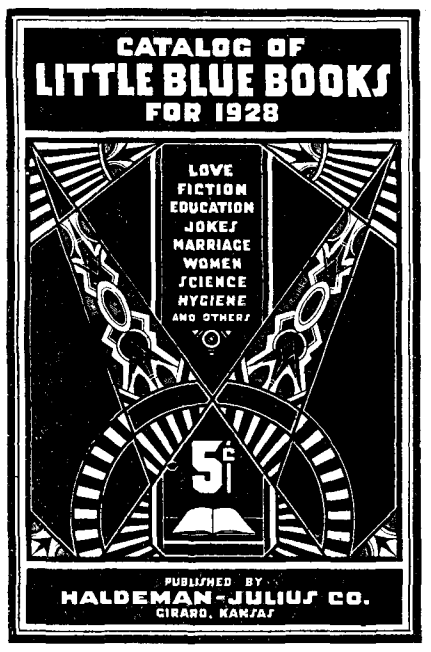

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

introduced himself to the public in "A Child of Adam." His work strikes us as most immature. His longer poems are involved and decidedly lack clarity. His phrase is often very clumsy. There is poetic feeling in this writing, but that is about all that can be said.

IVORY PALACES. By WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE. Brentano's. 1927. $2.

In the past fifteen years Wilfred Rowland Childe has produced six volumes of poetry. He is possessed of a rare gift. It In the present volume charm and beauty coruscated brightly in "The Gothic Rose." combined with melodiousness, but there are no such few astonishing things as one found in "The Gothic Rose." The poet's dreams are full of dove-winged clouds and of angels and the Virgin and her Son. He sings of Syon and of Sarras. His sonnets and songs and ballads are such as might be inscribed on vellum and illuminated in some ancient scriptorium. They are hardly for the modern world; they bring back the mediæval. This poet is immersed in ancientry. Therefore his verse is for the few who care for what might be called "stained-glass poetry," and for those who love the ritual and decoration of the ancient church. He sings also of the countryside, but almost always on pilgrimage or on some mystical journey to Syon or Paradise. Such poetry is strange to this country, but those Anglicans whose observance is so near to that of the Catholic Church cherish such dreams. Here is an example of Mr. Childe's kind of poetry at its best. It is from a poem entitled "The Child on the Hearth:"

With serious eyes' intensest gaze he stares
At a whole faery formed from glowing flame,
Wherein the burning wonder-land unbares
Thousands of shapes, with never two the same. . . .

He sees a precipice of furious glass,
A wall of clearest scarlet made of fire;
He sees a mirror wherein figures pass,
That had no natural creature for a sire.

Science

APES AND MEN. By HAROLD PEAKE and HERBERT JOHN FLEURE. Yale University Press. 1927.

"Apes and Men," what a title! We pounced on the little volume because the name implied that apes were first in the mind of its authors, and we being more curious about them than about men were hopeful and expectant. Should we share with the reader our disappointment on discovering that, although the authors tell much interestingly of the history and somewhat of the prehistory of man, they give very little about the apes?

The book purports to be a popular version of the intricate and too little-known story of man's origin, development, and achievements long prior to the appearance of what we are in the way of considering culture or civilization. It is not free from errors, but it is interesting, concise, illuminating, and those who are eager for an outline of the subject are sure to find it delightful. Numerous illustrations and useful maps importantly supplement the text.

The publication, it seems, is one in a series whose attractive title is "The Corridors of Time." Possibly the significance and the intent of the present volume may be better understood if we list the other seven titles of the projected series. They are "Hunters and Artists;" "Peasants and Potters;" "Priests and Kings;" "The Steppe and the Sown, 2600-2100 B. C.;" "The Way of the Sea, 2100-1600 B. C.;" "The Spread of Bronze Craft, 1600-1200 B. C.;" "Men of the Sword, 1200-800 B. C."

LIVING MACHINERY. By *A. V. Hill*. Harcourt, *Brace*. $3.

THE NEW REFORMATION. By *Michael Pupin*. Scribners. $2.50.

THEORY AND TECHNIQUE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. By *Sandor Ferenczi*. Boni & Liveright. $5.

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY. By *Beverly L. Clarke*. Macmillan. $2.25.

THE STORY OF CHEMISTRY. By *Floyd L. Darrow*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4

HEREDITY AND HUMAN AFFAIRS. By *Edward M. East*. Scribners. $3.50.

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT DOCTORS. By *Joseph Collins, M.D.* Harpers. $1.

THE LAST JUDGMENT. By *J. B. S. Haldane*. Harpers. $1.

THE PROBLEM OF LAY ANALYSES. By *Sigmund Freud*. Brentanos. $3.50.

CULTURE: The Diffusion Controversy. By *G. Elliot Smith, Bronislaw Malinowski, Herbert J. Spinden*, and *Alexander Goldenweiser*. Norton. $1.

TRIUMPHS OF MEDICINE. By *Henry S. Hartzog*. Doubleday, Page.

MAN RISES TO PARNASSUS. By *Henry Fairfield Osborn*. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

RACIAL ORIGINS OF ENGLISH CHARACTER. By *R. N. Bradley*. London: Allen & Unwin.

GEOLOGY AND NATURAL RESOURCES OF COLORADO. By *Russell D. George*. Boulder, Colo.: University of Colorado. $2.

COLORADO PLANT LIFE. By *Francis Rimaley*. Boulder, Colo.: University of Colorado. $2.

GEOLOGY OF COLORADO. By *Theodore D. A. Cockerell*. Boulder, Colo.: University of Colorado. $2.

NEW METHODS IN GEOMETRICAL OPTICS. By *Charles S. Hastings*. Macmillan. $2.

Travel

MOSTLY MISSISSIPPI. By *Harold Speakman*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

HOMER'S ITHACA. By *Sir Rennell Rodd*. Longmans, Green. $2.40.

A WAYFARER IN PORTUGAL. By *Philip S. Marden*. Houghton, Mifflin. $3.

TIMBUCTOO. By *Leland Hall*. Harpers. $4.

SAVAGE ABYSSINIA. By *James E. Baum*. Sears. $5.

NEW JOURNEYS IN OLD ASIA. By *Helen Churchill Candee*. Stokes. $4.

ACROSS ASIA'S SNOWS AND DESERTS. By *William J. Morden*. Putnam. $5.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 15. A penniless but gifted young man, graduating from a middle-western college and determined to devote himself to poetry, invites the advice of his literary idol. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most sensible, sympathetic reply (in not more than 400 words) from an imaginary man-of-letters. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of January 23).

Competition No. 16. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem justifiably entitled "The Pun." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 30).

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE SEVENTH COMPETITION

WON BY A. E. HAUSFRAU
of New Haven, Conn.

THE prize of fifteen dollars offered some weeks ago for an epigram on the passing of the old Ford could not be awarded until alternative entries had been received from several outstanding competitors. G. F. Perrine, H. T. B., and David Heatherstone sent excellent second entries. But after Mr. Morley's "Tennysonian parallel" in a recent "Bowling Green," I am more attracted by the mock-Latin nonsense with which A. E. Hausfrau caps his original imitation of A. E. Housman's "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries." Unfortunately there is no space here to reprint that first attempt on whose merits the prize award is chiefly based. Here, however, is his burlesque of Hadrian's famous Ode:

TO HIS FORD

Tincannula, vagula, Lizzula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quae nunc ubibis in loca
*Oldironula, junkida, nudula,**
Nec, ut soles, dubis jocos?

ADRIAN E. HAUSFRAU.

*Translation—stripped.

THE TWELFTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for an imaginary review, containing at least two quotations, of a recently discovered "Alice Up the Chimney," by Lewis Carroll.

PRIZE NOT AWARDED

In spite of its popularity this competition was a failure. Reviewer after reviewer insisted on the superiority of the other Alice books. "Up the Chimney" was variously described as an early work, a work of Carroll's dotage, a bagatelle which had never been intended to reach print. One competitor even explained that it had been dictated to a famous medium by the author's spirit. All these hints of defeat were amply confirmed in subsequent quotations. Several winners of previous prizes tackled Alice in this half-hearted manner.

Nobody offered a respectable outline of the book reviewed: in fact, the great majority of competitors scarcely even attempted to describe its substance or scheme. Is this a reflection on modern reviewing? Edith Darrow Goldsmith's Alice was hailed as X, the Unknown Quantity, by a mathematical world which she discovered up the chimney. There the roads all led either to zero or infinity, little figures tore up the ground digging for the square root, and Alice, losing her way in the Marsh of the Binomial Theorem, was suddenly raised by a higher power to the Land of the Nth degree. But, quite apart from the absence here of dialogue and characters, Lewis Carroll would never have obtruded his mathematics so far in an Alice story. After all, it is a little girl and not Charles L. Dodgson who goes up the chimney.

Dodge Charlson's world of words and notes was open to no objections of this kind but "'Jogerphy' weeps paper tears because somebody has mispronounced him and he will always be out of shape" is not good enough; nor is.

I'm not sure," said Alice.
"Of course you're not. There's SURE over there and you don't look a bit like him."

Moreover, a Carrollian world of words without a pun in it cannot be conceived, even though we look at it through the paragraphs of a review.

Another confession of weakness marks too many entries. The commonest quotations deal with Alice's ascent of the chimney, the beginning, comprising the first half-page of the book; and this is obviously the parodist's line of least resistance. Other quotations seldom did more than echo Carroll himself. Competitors were not quite so unoriginal or unsuccessful in inventing counterparts of the Mock Turtle, the Walrus, and the Carpenter. While we meet some old friends, Bill, the Lizard, and the March Hare, for instance—but mere shadows of their old selves—Sylvia Satan offers The Eyeless China Dog who asks Alice "How do you know you are?" and is told "Because I'm always pretending I'm not." And there is E. S. Riley's Bat who puns rather feebly on "flue" and "flew," K. K. Bayles's Tom-Tom Cat who "emits deep hollow noises when stroked." Arjeh's "Smoked Haddock and his Astronomer Royal" . . . who was intent to establish before witnesses a point furiously disputed at the Royal Society. . . .

To prove it was an alibi, to several of his sons,
He led them to an A. B. C. and armed them all with guns.
'Behold,' said he, 'how everyone is eating buttered buns!'
And patiently explained to them how swiftly butter runs.

THUM invents the irrational Dickelwop, the Ringing Welkin, and the Lightning Screever "whose drawing of a hot-cross bun with the inscription 'Easy to eat, but hard to draw,' Alice felt was somehow a little wrong." Here, for once, is a touch of genuine Carroll. Leslie H. Phinney's Hob-Gobbler is also good, and O'Kay's ballet "composed of cigarettes in short white dresses and gilt wings, oil-lamps in hoops and crinoline, and candles in sailor-suits performing a horn-pipe." O'Kay was almost alone in his attempt to "chimneyfy" his world on lines comparable to the mirror effects in "Through the Looking Glass."

But there were no grains in the chaff; in the end I could find no entry to justify the award of the prize.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

C. K. V., Holland, Mich., says that all her life she has been hearing about "the seven original plots" without asking what they might be. Now she wishes to get her intellectual background less vague.

I NEVER heard of seven plots; the famous work by Georges Polti pares the number no more closely than thirty-six; there is quoted upon the title-page of his "Les Trente-Six Situations Dramatiques" (*Mercure de France*, 1924, a new edition of a work published twenty-five years before), a paragraph from Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann"—I give it in French, for I have not the original—"Gozzi soutenait qu'il ne peut y avoir que trente-six situations tragiques. Schiller s'est donné beaucoup de peine pour en trouver d'avantage; mais il n'en trouve pas même autant que Gozzi." This Gozzi was the author of "Turandot" and "Le Roi Cerf," works of fantastic originality, but even so, classifiable under his categories. Gerard de Nerval brought the list at first to twenty-four, but came around to Gozzi's statistics in time. Polti's book, "The Thirty-Six Dramatic Situations," has been put into English and was published at Franklin, Ohio, 1921.

But Rudyard Kipling gives the dramatist more elbow-room. In his address to the Royal Society of Literature on accepting its gold medal year before last, he spoke of "their unlettered ancestors who also bequeathed to them the entire stock of primeval plots and situations—*those fifty ultimate comedies and tragedies to which the Gods mercifully limit human action and suffering.*" I have added the italics: it has a curiously soothing effect to consider that for good or ill there are only fifty things Fate can do to you.

D. S., New Orleans, La., asks for "books about Assisi, the place, so that one going to Italy might be prepared to enjoy it as much as one reveres its best-known son, St. Francis."

"FRANCISCAN ITALY," by Harold Goad (Dutton), was intended for such a purpose; it is a large volume copiously and well illustrated, answering the need for a guidebook as well as for an historic background. "The Land of St. Francis of Assisi," by Gabriel Faure (Medici Society), is less expensive, but the number and clearness of the photographic illustrations would lead one to expect a higher price; it covers Perugia and Assisi and includes the famous paintings in their galleries.

H. M. B., Winona, Minn., asks for authorities on the life and career of Andrew Johnson.

THE contemporary tumult and shouting have so far died that the books of Andrew Johnson's own period are now out of print, and until quite recently the only readily accessible work given entirely to his career has been "Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee," by C. R. Hall, published by the Princeton University Press and presenting the record of his personal services in the reconstruction of that State in 1862-65. "Andrew Johnson as He Really Was," by T. H. Hall, is published with other brief reports of the time, by G. Lichtenstein, North 12th Street, Richmond, Va., or was, the last I knew. The President figures largely in the second volume of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "History of the United States since the Civil War" (Macmillan), the one covering 1868-72, in which the famous trial is described with temperate impartiality. I have occasion constantly to consult this book, and find it an unfailing source of wonder and amazement. Who ever started this idea of the "good" old times, anyway? In John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States during Lincoln's Administration" (Appleton), the career of Johnson is traced from his military governorship of Tennessee to his peace proclamation in 1866; this is a book complete in itself, but carrying on the famous "History of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War" (Appleton); it is as good to read for the narrative as it is to consult for reference. In a new history for the general reader, Thomas J. Wertenbaker's "The American People" (Scribner), there is a brief but spirited account of the circumstances leading to the impeachment trial, and a speech of the President at Cleveland when he was swinging round the circle is given as delivered, with the interpolation of the mob set down—as far as they could be. This is the book I recommended to *E. T., Colorado Springs,* who asked for "an interesting and vivid American history in one volume of good sized print." In John C. Wise's "Recollections of Thirteen Presidents" (Doubleday) there is a far from attractive glimpse of Johnson making a speech with vine-leaves in his hair.

But there are signs that "the only President whom we ever sought to impeach" is due for a new number on his historical price-tag. Mrs. Margarita S. Gerry has a serious study of him in the December *Century*, W. J. Robertson deals with him at some length in "The Changing South," and I learn from an editorial in the *Times* that Claude G. Bowers, author of "Jefferson and Hamilton" (Houghton Mifflin) is at work on a study of Reconstruction times that will reveal Johnson as the victim of a political cabal.

E. M. F., Santa Barbara, Cal., adds to the list of informative books for children, on social life and conditions at various periods, "Life and Work of the People of England," by Dorothy Hartley and Margaret Elliott, published by Putnam in several volumes. There is just enough reading matter, she says, to enable an adult to explain the innumerable pictures to a child.

THE Beaconsfield discussion has broken loose again. *R. S. P., Minneapolis, Minn.,* says that Beckonsfield is the only pronunciation she has heard among university scholars in English or history. "It is the pronunciation given in the most reliable pronouncing dictionary, of English names and words in England, at least 'An English Pronouncing Dictionary,' in phonetic script, by the Professor of Phonetics of the University of London, Daniel Jones. This dictionary is a phonetic record, the editor says, 'of the pronunciation most usually heard in everyday speech in the families of Southern England; persons whose men-folk have been educated at the great public boarding-schools and used by 'a majority of those members of London society who have had a university education.'" So, says R. S. P., "it should be a safe guide for the proper names of persons who lived in England." *S. T. B., Ballard Vale, Mass.,* under whose initials readers of this column will recognize an old and valued friend, says that a copy of "Who's Who" in the days when it still gave a table of difficult pronunciations (why did it ever abandon so useful a feature?) gave precedence to Beeconsfield but added Beckonsfield. "Obviously," says he, "the old Liberal jingle which made the Conservatives say

O, who will syve old England from the shyme,
And her sons and her daughters who will syve?
For in vyne, alas, in vyne we deplore the honored nyme
Of Lord Beckingsfield now lying in his gryve—

does not attest its author's approval of that pronunciation, but it attests its familiarity."

From Scotland, or at least from a Scot signing himself "Anonymous," comes the complaint: "Where did you get the idea that spelling it Disraeli would simplify the pronunciation? Would it be Dis-ray-li or Dis-raw-li or Dis-rah-li?" I am usually the best possible non-conductor of complaints about other sections of this review, such as reach me from readers now and again, but this one following is too vivacious to be smothered. After asking me if it was in my column that someone rhymed scone with stone (it wasn't) he asks "Who was guilty of that atrocious quotation from Burns in the December 3 number, 'Some Personal Choices,' page 410? There's some callant aboot the place that doesna ken onything aboot Bobbie Burns' mither tongue. Div ye think it's Dochter Canby? Nae, nae, he kens enuch to ken what he dissnae ken. It's mair likely tae be that chiel Chris Morley: puir laddie, he has muckle tae learn yet. But losh, woman, I'm glad tae see the mistakes; it makes me awthegither hopefu' fer ma'sel."

S. T. B. further complains that my passing on of the current American pronunciation of Covarrubias cannot be correct unless the Spanish encyclopedic dictionaries are all wrong in the orthography of this not unfamiliar surname and the town. "It can't be pronounced so unless it is printed with an accent mark on the i. If it has no accent mark it is four syllables, 'Co-vah-rrroo-vyahs (accent the rrroo). The Spanish Academy says b and v should be given different sounds, though it frankly admits that most people don't do it, but our best school grammars declare that this is moonshine and true Spanish pronunciation identifies the two. Indeed this identification of the two letters in Spanish pronunciation is older than the language—for it goes back to the days of classic Latin literature, when a Latin writer (was it Martial, himself Spanish-born?) congratulated the happy Spaniards 'to whom *vivere* is nothing else than *bibere*'—living nothing else than drinking. And ought you not to have added that his Christian name Miguel is in two syllables, accent the second, silent e, Mig*hel*; otherwise are you really sure there will not be those who will pronounce it as Pomona did in 'Rudder Grange,' *Mig*-you-el?"

It is a load off my mind to learn how to pronounce Miguel. I hope I meet a Spanish gentleman with this for one of his names, that I may instantly address him by it. It never somehow seemed credible that it should sound as I thought it did.

This is to warn readers of this column that another outbreak of pronunciations has begun; several questions are on the fire now, and it will save space if readers wishing names of current notabilities pronounced for them will send them in now and let me run them all together. Somebody might tell me in the meantime how to say Sze. This is the door to which I found no kze.

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Never before has there been such a tremendous interest in the origins of American culture, and never before this book has there been a really comprehensive examination of the French influence in the shaping of that culture. How deep *is* America's debt to France? Did she, along with other vast borrowings, take over French "revolutionary spirit," French economics, French literature, French philosophy, French art? Or is the whole tradition of our closeness to France a body of sentimental mythology?

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AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE should be read by everyone who thrills to the story of "the rise of American civilization" and "main currents in American thought."

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Translated by WILLA *and* EDWIN MUIR.

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MY HEART
AND MY FLESH

by ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Author of THE TIME OF MAN

Two years in succession *The New York Times Book Review* placed Elizabeth Madox Roberts at the head of the season's novelists. In 1926 the *Times* awarded first place to Miss Roberts for her first novel, *The Time of Man.* In 1927 the honors are divided between her second novel, *My Heart and My Flesh,* and Glenway Wescott's *The Grandmothers.*

MY HEART AND MY FLESH is in its third large printing. $2.50

THE VIKING PRESS

New York City

THE PHOENIX NEST

DUMAS was an enormously prolific author (which is a sufficiently trite observation) and yet, for all the d'Artagnan romances, two French writers have decided that at least one which should have been written remained unpenned. In their preface to "The Years Between," which will be published the middle of February in two volumes, *Paul Feval* and *M. Lassez* point out that we know nothing of d'Artagnan and his companions in the double decade between "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After." Their new historical romance covers this period, and they write with the approval of the Dumas literary heirs. They have begun their story thirteen years after the close of the first Dumas novel, when Richelieu, the Queen, and Mazarin are all struggling for power. Longmans, Green and Company are bringing out the book in this country. . . .

An account of the American Expeditionary Forces in France concerning which many have held great expectations will be published soon by Dodd, Mead. This is "A. E. F.," by *Major General Hunter Liggett,* U. S. A. Retired. General Liggett, as you know, commanded the First Army Corps. It is said that his description of the St. Mihiel operation and the battle of the Argonne is likely to rank as a classic. . . .

An absorbing book on Russia that many were reading last summer was *General Peter Krassnoff's* "From Double Eagle to Red Flag." Interest in the book maintained for it a steady sale, though it was published two years ago. Now the author, a former Ataman of Don Cossacks at present living in seclusion in France, has produced another work, in a sense a sequel. It is called "The Unforgiven" and runs to 98,000 words. It has been translated by *Olga Vitali* and *Vera Brooke* and will appear on February fourth, bearing the imprint of Duffield and Company. . . .

The second number of *Ezra Pound's The Exile* is before us. This periodical has at least one thing in its favor. It is small. We read first *Robert McAlmon's* account of a Parisian fourteenth of July in the dear, dead days. We frankly admit that never have we heard of such drinkers as that waggish wild lot in Paris; we thought so first when we perused *Ernest Hemingway's* "The Sun Also Rises." Now we fancy ourselves as a bit of a drinker, so perhaps it all makes us jealous. But it is staggering. At least McAlmon admits that once in the course of the evening he was sick. What phenomenal drinking-ladies there are in Paris too! The brain reeels. And their conversation seems to be almost entirely what their admirers would doubtless term "good clean dirt." Well,—but what intolerable bores they are as pictured! We wonder if the original fierce maenads were quite as stupid. Probably they were. Mr. Pound, at the end of his magazine, speaking of McAlmon's piece, remarks that "Booze in literature is a pest." It has certainly become just that. But McAlmon's account of his painter friend's appreciation of the colors of meats and vegetables in the early morning markets is excellent. We mean that—we are not ironical. We "believe in" that painter, if he felt like that. Mr. Pound informs his contributors that they can't contribute to *The Exile* unless they know French. This will doubtless cause a great deal of widespread gloom. But never mind; *William Butler Yeats* is to have eight poems in the third issue. So we want that third issue. *Zukofsky* is tabulated also as appearing at that time with a "Poem beginning 'The.'" That completely floors us. We don't know who Zukofsky is,—but think of it! What a colossal innovation! . . .

Published at the state university at Missoula, Montana, there is a magazine of the Northwest called *The Frontier.* Every month it carries in its Historical Section an authentic account or a diary or journal of early days in the Northwest. That is its most important feature. There is also a new magazine of the *Southwest,* published at Albuquerque, New Mexico, called *jackass* (sic). The contributors' names are printed entirely lower-case. That seems to be *its* most important feature,—save perhaps for this, the first verse of a poem entitled "Senility:"

Aduncous nostrils drooling
From pendulously pink
His contemelious jowls
Beneath a bovine blink, etc., etc.

Dear, dear,—sometimes one does want to cut one's throat in the cause of a dash or so of sanity! . . .

Marion Holden, of Lansing, Michigan, has a right to her opinion; so we print her letter which came to us a month ago:

I have just gotten around to reading my *Saturday Review* for November 12, and I am amazed and irritated to find you devoting almost a column to a book you haven't even read! Or rather, to your own misleading deductions on an extract from a book you haven't read. Don't you know the danger of basing your opinion of an author on an *extract?*

I refer of course to your remarks on the *Langdon-Davies's* opus about women. If I hadn't just finished reading it I shouldn't be so het up. "A Short History of Women," is a cool-headed handling of a subject which, in the past has always been handled with more emotion than intelligence. That last chapter, from which you mistakenly quote, on the future of women, is by far the least interesting portion of the book, simply because prophecy is always dangerous and always personal because it is founded on speculations that can mean very little except to the man who has evolved them.

But the book as a whole is the most intelligent writing, the most intelligent grasp of a difficult and harried subject. It is splendid! I wish you'd read it and then write another column, as you would be impelled to do, I am sure.

There is so much futile battling between the sexes. Futile because most of the talkers and writers seem to have a very hazy idea of why things are as they are, why women—and men too—have been thus and so under different religious and régimes. It's so tiresome and the so-called best magazines go on publishing it forever and ever.

I wish that every man and woman who prides himself on his intelligence could be persuaded to read "A Short History of Women." And among them *you,* Mr. Phœnix Nest.

. . . We shall try to. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

"Best sellers are considered phenomenal if they sell briskly for three months. Some do not last three weeks, though making quite a chaffering the while . . . ."

The Inner Sanctum salutes JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT, author of *Much Loved Books,* for this observation, first because it brings into use that puissant word "chaffering" and, second, because it gives us an opportunity to cite three best-sellers of our own that have been moving briskly for much more than the allotted three months:

The Story of Philosophy—21st month—third hundred thousand.
Trader Horn—8th month—second hundred thousand.
The Cross Word Puzzle Books—32nd month—the second million.

Among the outstanding items for the Spring, 1928, list will be another *Trader Horn* book—this time with a foreword by WILLIAM MCFEE.

The new title is still a secret.

The Inner Sanctum has concluded publishing arrangements for a number of books which will do in their respective realms what WILL DURANT did in the field of philosophy.

In each case the most distinguished authority has been chosen, first for his scholarship and second for his ability to animate and clarify his expert knowledge.

Proving again that contacts lead to contracts, *The Inner Sanctum* has signed up the following works:

The Story of Civilization—by WILL DURANT
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The Story of Morals—by WILLIAM A. DRAKE
The Story of Adventure—by B*
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*A world-famous writer, to be announced

None of these books will be rushed, trimmed, "written down" or vulgarized for a best-seller market. Enduring excellence is the prime consideration. Some of the books will be ready in 1928, some two or three years hence, and one or two not for five years.

They will not be "outlines" but books with a biographical emphasis—what JOHN DEWEY and JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON call "humanizations."

This group of books is a logical corollary of *The Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge* sponsored jointly by *The Forum Magazine* and

—ESSANDESS

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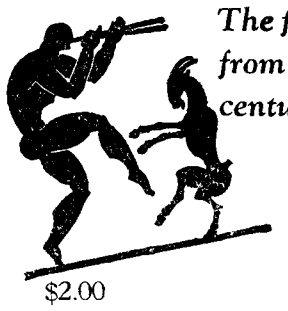

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Greeting Cards

THE personal printed greeting has solved the general Christmas problem for another two years. At the present rate, the vogue can hardly hold for much longer than that, but for the time being, these personal messages constitute quite the nicest, and the most intelligent, method of maintaining the circle of friendships that has yet been devised.

Before 1914, the fashion of Christmas giving had become a burden, and had led to an incipient reaction which the war years accelerated. One very objectionable substitute developed, in the more or less promiscuous distribution of money, by those who had it, to take the place of purchased gifts. This eliminated both sentiment and thought on the part of the giver, and when repeated in successive years, led the recipient to regard it as something to be counted on as a right. On the other hand, the word of greeting, specially printed for the individual, offers the maximum of sentiment and of opportunity for careful thought, with the minimum emphasis upon the cost in money.

Bookish folk have done more than their share in showing how to give an element of permanent interest to these ephemeral bits of holiday printing. This, it is true, creates its own problem, for the number that are too good to be thrown away, and not of enough importance to justify putting them into a permanent holder, has added to housewifely difficulties. However, this is only one more of the penalties of living in the present age of new things. The other side of the problem is that a certain number of each year's offerings is certain, sooner or later, to become "collectors' items," and only the tyro thinks that he knows enough to guess which these are.

Being purely personal greetings, these are for the most part beyond the range of public comment, except in general terms. There are a few individuals, nevertheless, who have set so high a standard, for successive years, that there can be no impropriety in saying that they have maintained their position for the current season. This applies especially to Mr. William A. Clark, Jr., whose facsimile reproductions of outstanding literary classics, accompanied by a reprint representing the highest achievement of John Henry Nash's typographic skill, have featured recent Christmas seasons. This year it is the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," reproduced with a fidelity to the original which is going to make proof of provenance more than ever an important factor hereafter in acquiring a copy of the original first edition. The reprint has a bibliographical introduction prepared by Mr. Clark, and, as its frontispiece, a portrait of Mrs. Browning done in dry point after a bas-relief by Helen Hall Culver.

A. Edward Newton began issuing his own little holiday essays long before he became a best seller, and those who were thoughtful enough to preserve the ones that were distributed two decades ago, now possess precious treasures deserving much more than ordinary care. This year's contribution to the series has added value from the fact that it supplies a footnote to "The Greatest Book," and it is even more important as an autobiographic confession, revealing the mysterious ways of God to man, in rewarding true merit through its lapses from a due regard for the amenities of life.

The booklets sent out in this and other years by printing houses deserve a separate discussion. They range from the unpretentious but thoroughly workmanlike series of historical classics of the West built up year by year by the Lakeside Press of Chicago, to the simple folder from the Merrymount Press with its colored woodcut by Ruzicka. If anybody has saved the complete series of these greetings from Mr. Updike's press, nearly a score in number, he has a collection of views of Boston and vicinity, which are certain of a place in the annals of book illustration as one of the fine arts in America.

Of the booksellers, Dr. Rosenbach proves that he did not write himself out in "Books and Bidders," by sending to his friends in separate form his article on "The Earliest Christmas Books." It is illustrated by a reproduction of a miniature painting of the *Nativity, ascribed to the Flemish artist* known as the Master of Zwolle. Another familiar figure in the circles of the trade, who is making occasional excursions in the direction of literature, Mr. Gabriel Wells, has rewarded his intimates with a statement, as carefully phrased as it is delightfully printed, of the Three Things that constitute a rounded out life. Mr. Charles F. Heartman shows that there are other ways of looking at life, by "A National Primer in the Modern Manner embellished with 15 contemporary woodcuts by Carl W. Drepperel."

Other booklets are from those whose names do not matter to those who do not know them. One is a true tale of "Gambler's Luck," telling of how two splendid, and genuine, three hundred year old tapestries came from under the bed of a lodging at the top of a Marseilles apartment house. Another is a specimen of the fine typography of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh exemplified in an edition, forty copies only, of Emerson's essay on *Friendship*.

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